MYSTERY MAGAZINE

VOL. III.
No 60
MAY 1, 1920

PRICE
10
CENTS

FEATURE STORY

CAUGHT WITH THE EVIDENCE

BY ETHEL ROSEMON

LOOK ☞ "A LITTLE GOLD SPIDER," BY CECIL BURLEIGH, TO BE ISSUED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.

MYSTERY MAGAZINE

Vol. III. MAY 1, 1920. No. 60

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Published Twice a Month by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher

168 West 23d Street, New York

N. Hastings Wolff, Pres.
E. Byrne, Treas.
Charles E. Nylander, Sec.

LU. SENARENS, Editor

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

Domestic, Single Copy	10 Cents
Domestic, Yearly	$2.50
Canada	$2.75
Foreign	$3.00

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
FEATURE STORY	
CAUGHT WITH THE EVIDENCE, by Ethel Rosemon	1
SHORT STORIES	
A BAFFLING CASE, by A. R. Lewis	10
"QUEER," by C. A. Nelson	11
IN THE SPOT-LIGHT, by Katherine Stagg	17
THE SCARLET SEAL, by Mary D. Hart	20
DEPARTMENTS	
THE SCIENCE OF FORTUNE TELLING	22
THE MYSTERY OF HYPNOTISM, by Hugo Koch, A. C. S.	24
MISCELLANEOUS MATTER	
Warns of Spirits	9
Pile of Briefs is 20 Feet High	13
Chinese Soldier Pays Himself	16
What Makes the Stars Twinkle?	19
Why Lead Is Heavy	19
CURRENT NEWS	
Girl Dances on False Feet—Finds Strange Dugout—Quicksilver Deposits in Arizona—Fish Get Drunk—Igloo Home Suits Eskimo—Origin of "Two Bits"—Convict Returns to Prison—Toilers Without Wages—About Spiders—Wind Cave	26

TAKE NOTICE Any future number of this magazine may be delayed by the difficulty of getting paper, BUT IT WILL SURELY BE OUT. Watch the newsstands, in case a delay occurs.

THE PUBLISHER.

CAUGHT WITH THE EVIDENCE

By ETHEL ROSEMON

CHAPTER ONE

"AND one poor minister, in a little backwoods town, no one ever heard of, couldn't turn actor without the entire public raising its eyebrow and asking the why and the wherefor."

Tom Evans threw down the evening paper with the nearest expression to impatience I have ever seen upon his usually placid face.

"And why?" I queried.

"The high cost of living," he answered quickly. "Now, when I turned detective no reporter gave me even a line in a paper," he mused reminiscently, "and as for the rest of the force, well, it was a case of you've-got-to-show-us-you're-on-it."

"And you did."

"Well, I tried mighty hard."

To-day Tom Evans is called "The Force," not only by those of the city who are not searching for publicity for their names and addresses, but even by his fellow workers. I had heard that he "turned detective" rather unexpectedly, and I was anxious to hear the details. We had just dined together, so Tom was feeling at peace with the

world, and required very little urging to tell me the story of his conversion.

"Of course you've heard of the Tarberry diamonds?" he began.

"Who hasn't?" I replied. "They were the famous stones stolen by these society people, Gerald Dean and his wife."

"Who told you they were?" he asked almost sharply. "There's one big thing all you young men have to learn; never to jump at conclusions. You probably remember that the weight of evidence connecting the Deans with the case and you naturally take it for granted that they were the guilty ones. In this game never believe anything you hear or, for that matter, anything you see till you prove your belief."

I received the rebuke in silence, anxious for him to continue his story.

"For that matter," he added, after a moment's thought, "I don't suppose you took any notice of the quiet little newspaper paragraph in the *Herald* declaring that the court had found evidence entirely clearing the Deans, after the journals had dragged them through the blackest mire of publicity in glaring headlines on the front page?"

I admitted my ignorance of the final decision in the matter. Tom accepted the admission with a grunt of disapproval which spoke volumes. He lighted another cigar, and leaned back in his chair.

"My boyhood days were spent in a small town in the Middle West," he resumed. "It's name makes no difference. It was similar to dozens of other towns in the Middle West, and I grew up as dozens of other boys sharing the same environment. When I was twenty-two years old, a cheap road company came to town. It was scheduled for one night. It stayed ten. In those days stranded companies were so numerous that no one paid much attention to them. I wouldn't have given this one a second thought only there was a girl in it. She was young, ambitious, pretty and genuinely distressed by the plight in which she found herself. She had joined the company against the wish of her family, and did not dare write home for money. At that time I was assisting in the town's only law office. My boss had leased the Opera House, and when a show came to town, I took tickets. I fell at once for this girl—Loretta Lawrence was her name—and in a few days I drew most of my small savings from the bank, disposed of a few personal possessions, and not only paid for her ticket back to New York, but gave her the balance of the money to live on until she could get another engagement. She seemed genuinely grateful for what I had done for her, and we parted, with my promise to follow to New York as soon as I could arrange some business matters, meaning, as she probably well knew, as soon as I had worked long enough to put aside sufficient money for the trip. This took over five months. At the beginning we corresponded, but week by week her letters grew more and more infrequent, and finally ceased altogether. Her neglect did not lessen my ardor. I was more than ever determined to go to New York, find her, and learn the cause of her silence. Besides, like most young men in towns like ours, I was growing too big for the place; I needed new fields for my talents.

"Finally I arrived in New York. I went at once to her old address, only to learn that she had moved months before. I followed clue after clue, but could find no trace of her. I then decided that she had joined another road company. There was nothing to do but wait until the end of the season, and haunt the dramatic agencies, in the hope that she would be doing the same in search of another engagement. Meanwhile my funds were diminishing at a rate entirely foreign to the way they did in my home town. I turned my attention from seeking for Loretta to seeking a job. In this I had scarcely any better luck. I was really not fitted for anything in particular, and, besides, I had no incentive to spur me on. I drifted from one thing to another, and in the drifting acquired an ever-growing fondness for liquor. This acquisition did not tend to advance my position in life, and finally I found myself in a cheap lodging-house in the Bowery, content with my fellow lodgers to pick up an odd job here and there, enough to pay for a bed and a regular supply of liquor, with its accompanying free lunch. Of course I intended to reform and each week old Barleycorn strengthened his hold on me.

"I had become pretty well disgusted with myself and my weakness, when an opportunity was offered me to get back on my feet again. I was sitting in my usual lodging-house late one evening when a well-dressed man, whom I had noticed watching me from the other side of the room, came over, and took the chair next to mine.

"'Have a cigar,' he said by way of introduction.

"I held out my hand eagerly. I had not had a good smoke for days.

"Little by little he began to talk. I got the idea that he was one of those reformers from uptown and I was wary in my answers.

"'I'd like to bet I know what you were wishing for when I came over,' he said.

"'I'd like to take you up if I could show you the color of my money,' I returned shortly.

"'A good stiff drink,' he laughed.

"'Wrong the very first time,' I answered coolly.

"'What then?' he asked with an amused smile.

"'Money enough to start anew, away from all this,' I answered, looking around the dingy room with its groups of New York's down-and-outs.

"'Would two thousand dollars be a good start?' he queried, after a pause.

"'Phew,' I whistled, considering his remark unworthy of any further comment.

"'Well, I can put you in the way of making it now, this evening, with very little effort on your part.'

"The uptown reformers did not speak this language, but I was still wary. Up to this time I had not mixed up in anything the least bit shady. I had seen crime all around, I knew most of the crooks by sight, but I had stuck strictly to the straight and narrow.

"'Is it on the level?' I asked suspiciously.

"'Absolutely,' my new acquaintance replied with a nod.

"'Then spill,' I directed.

"'Did you ever hear of the Gerald Deans?' he demanded.

"'Haven't formed a real drop-in-for-dinner friendship with them yet,' I answered, 'but I know who they are. He's a Wall Street broker and she's the most beautiful woman in society. Her pictures are in the paper every Sunday.'

"'Right you are,' said the man, who had told me his name was Al Smithson, 'and you, my friend, look enough like Gerald Dean to be his twin brother. This resemblance is going to make you richer by two thousand dollars if you follow my instructions implicitly.'

"'Sure it's straight?' I insisted.

"'Absolutely,' he replied. 'Here is the situation in a nutshell. Society gossips have connected the name of Gerald Dean with that of a well-known actress. A small dinner is to be given in the actress's apartment this evening after the performance. Every one expects Gerald Dean to go there from the De Cameron ball. His wife knows that an important message is to be delivered to him at their house very late to-night by a person who is in a position to give wide circulation to the report that he was at home with his wife at the time of the dinner.

All you will be required to do will be to impersonate the broker and receive the message in his stead.'

"I looked down at my small town suit, much the worse for New York wear.

"'Oh, that's all arranged for,' Mr. Smithson commented. 'All you have to do is to come with me.'

"It seemed plausible enough. I was ready to help a lady cover up the tracks of a faithless husband, and when it was New York's reigning beauty, to the tune of two thousand cold cash, I was really there with the bells on.

"Signifying my willingness to accommodate my new found friend, I rose and followed him from the lodging house. A taxi whirled us away.

CHAPTER TWO

"ON the way over to Broadway we stopped in for a few drinks, and a bite to eat. The former filled my mind as quickly as the latter did my stomach, and I saw visions of my regenerated self starting life anew on the two thousand from the night's work.

"'By the way,' I remarked when back in the taxi, 'how am I going to be sure of that money?'

"'Well, I'll trust you for half, and you'll have to trust me for the other half,' my companion answered. 'Here's the first thousand. I'll hand you the second when you have done the work.'

"That seemed fair enough, and I told him so as I pocketed the roll of bills, after having first counted them.

"If I remembered correctly from the newspaper articles I had read, the Deans lived on Thirty-ninth Street, and sure enough we turned into that street and stopped before a house which by the light of the street lamp I could see bore the number thirty-nine and a half.

"'Here we are,' Smithson said, opening the door and standing on the step while he settled with the chauffeur.

"When we reached the top step the door was thrown open by a butler who had evidently been watching for our arrival.

"'Show my friend upstairs,' my guide directed. 'Come down as soon as you have dressed,' he added as I turned to follow the butler.

"In a large, beautifully appointed room I found everything in readiness for my change of attire.

"'Any assistance, sir?' the butler inquired.

"I felt the derision in the 'sir' and dismissed him with a curt nod. I was anxious to have the night's work over, to become the possessor of the other thousand, and I lost no time admiring myself in my new clothes. I did wonder, though, if they were to be included in the evening's pay. Just before I left the room I took the precaution to transfer my money to the evening suit. During my few months in the Bowery I had learned the ways of crooks, and was always on my guard. When I reached the drawing-room I found Smithson waiting at the door.

"'Come in,' he said, 'I want to present you to Mrs. Dean.'

"'As she stood beneath the rose light that fell on her golden hair in a way that would have been rapture to an artist's soul, I saw that the account of her beauty had in no whit been exaggerated. There was something hauntingly familiar about her. Perhaps it was the result of the many pictures I had seen of her.

"'The likeness is marvelous,' she commented after her keen eyes had looked me over from head to foot. 'No one could ever tell you apart. Mr. Smithson tells me you know what your mission is here. You have still about three-quarters of an hour to wait. I will give you further instructions at the proper time.'

"With this she left us. Smithson and I sat in the large drawing-room smoking his cigars and drinking the liquor he poured from a decanter at his side. Neither of us spoke much. To tell the truth, the strangeness, the mystery of the night's occurrence had begun to depress me. When the large clock in the hallway struck the quarter hour I gave a start of nervousness. A few minutes after two Mrs. Dean appeared in the doorway, her face perceptibly paler, her manner more agitated than when she had left us.

"'It is time. The carriage is outside. We haven't a moment to lose,' she said.

"Smithson seized me by the arm, and almost dragged me into the hall.

"'Stand here,' he commanded, placing me in the front of the broad staircase. 'When I open the door go out on the stoop. You will see a boy just entering a cab. Call to him and say:

"'"One moment, Edwards." Do you understand?'

"I nodded my head.

"'Repeat the words,' he instructed.

"I did so."

"'When he comes up the stoop tell him that by some oversight you forgot to give him the case containing the pin, and that if he will come into the drawing-room you will hand it to him.'

"Somehow I was now sure of foul play. My face grew whiter, and my voice trembled as I repeated the words after him.

"He noticed my hesitation.

"'If you falter in one word you won't leave here alive,' he threatened.

"I turned my head quickly, and saw that he had me covered with an automatic revolver. There was nothing to do but to go through with it, whatever it was.

"'Now go out on the stoop,' he said as he flung the door open. I obeyed. 'Speak.' I could almost feel the revolver at my back. I did not recognize the voice in which I called the boy who was just stepping into the cab. Unhesitatingly he ran up the steps, and entered the drawing-room. Instantly all the lights were extinguished. The sound of blows came from behind the closed doors, followed by a muffled groan and the falling of a body. I started toward the drawing-room.

"'Stay where you are,' a woman's voice commanded as a hand pulled me back into the corner of the hall. I could see the muzzle of an automatic gleaming in the darkness. About five minutes later some one came out of the drawing-room and quickly closed the door behind him.

"'Upstairs,' he commanded, and I half ran, half stumbled back to the room where I had left my clothes.

"'Change,' was his crisp order.

"I did so without a moment's hesitation. He then led me downstairs and out the basement of the house. By the light of the street lamp I recognized Smithson. I noticed that the taxicab was still waiting for the boy, half-way between the two houses.

"'This way,' my companion said, taking me by the arm and leading me toward Fifth Avenue.

"At the corner I followed him into another taxi which was drawn up at the curb. Evidently the chauffeur had had previous instructions, for the moment the door was shut he started down the avenue without any word from Smithson.

"'Where are we going?' I whispered.

"'No matter,' the man answered. 'One more thing and the money is yours.'

"'But I told you distinctly that I wouldn't engage in any crooked work,' I protested.

"'Well, you're in for it now,' he returned. 'You might as well go on with it gracefully.'

"From the window of the cab I noted that we had returned to the Bowery. Suddenly we stopped before a doorway above which was suspended three gilt balls. The words 'Loan Office' stood out distinctly.

"'Now, my friend, all you have to do is to take this package in and lay it on the counter. The door is probably open. If by any chance it is closed return at once to the taxi.'

"I did not relish this part of the job. Suppose a policeman should be lurking in a nearby doorway. However, as Smithson had said, I might as well go on with it gracefully. I took the package and made for the door. It opened at my touch. I stepped up the counter and was just about to lay the package down when a man suddenly rose from the floor, his face, pale and bleeding, resembling that of a corpse in the uncertain light that came through the partly opened door. He threw his arms about my neck and clung to me with all his strength.

"'Wretch, murderer,' he cried in thick, husky tones. 'My diamonds, my diamonds! Kill me if you will, but don't rob me of my precious stones.'

"The strain on my nerves was too great and I was suddenly overpowered by a fainting spell and fell to the floor.

CHAPTER THREE

"I AWOKE the next day in a prison cell. I had been an unsuspecting fool, and had nothing to show for it except the prospect of a long term in the penitentiary. Innocently enough I had become involved in one of the most sensational crimes of the day. I told my story when I was arrested, and kept repeating it without variation to every one who questioned me. The police were puzzled. I didn't look like a fool, but even an amateur crook would have concocted a better yarn.

"Late in the afternoon a new visitor appeared in my cell. Perhaps he wanted me to repeat my story. It was becoming stale to even my own ears. I answered his greeting with a surly grunt.

"'Have a cigar,' he answered pleasantly. I had become suspicious of cigars, but I was keen for a smoke. Anyway, I couldn't get in any deeper than I was.

"'What do you know about last night's work?' the visitor began after I had taken three good puffs. I knew it was coming, but the cigar was first-class.

"'Who are you?' I questioned by way of answer.

"'Detective,' came the reply.

"'Badge,' I said.

"He turned back the lapel of his coat.

"'Name,' I continued.

"'Stonewall,' he answered crisply.

"I interrupted a long puff right in the middle. Stonewall was the biggest man on the force. Perhaps he could help me out. I told him my story.

"'Seen the papers?' he asked.

"'No; my butler forgot to serve them with my breakfast,' I replied with a sorry attempt at merriment.

"He handed me the late editions. In all the Tarberry Diamonds case occupied most of the front page, with pictures of Gerald Dean, the Wall Street broker, and Mrs. Dean, society's reigning beauty. The broker had rented the diamonds from Weinberg for his wife to wear at the famous De Cameron ball. According to the agreement, Weinberg's special agent, young George Edwards, had called at the Dean house, received the diamonds, and, according to the broker's story, that was all he and his wife knew of the matter. My account of what happened was corroborated by the chauffeur, who bore witness that young Edwards had been recalled just as he had been about to step into the cab. After the door had shut upon him no trace of the missing boy had been found. Then followed an account of the murder of Weinberg, given just before he died at the hospital, to which he had been removed by a policeman, who seeing the door of the pawn shop open, had entered while the broker was clinging to me and pleading for his diamonds. He had been sitting in his shop, he said, waiting for young Edwards to return with the diamonds, when two men had come up behind him—how they had entered he could not figure out—and had demanded that he turn the diamonds over to them. He had protested that they were no longer in his possession. When he persisted in this statement a tall, elderly man, who seemed to be the leader, had held a knife to his breast. Weinberg had taken it as a threat to make him reveal the hiding place of the diamonds, but at that moment the sound of a taxicab was heard approaching the shop. The man had plunged the knife into the broker's breast. A minute later some one had entered from the street and the old man had flung himself upon the newcomer beseeching him not to rob him of his diamonds.

"It was the first inkling I had had of what had happened, and it did not reassure me of my ability to prove innocence to a court. The diamonds were gone, young Edwards was missing, and the pawnbroker was murdered. Truly, it was a thriller in which I did not care to play even a minor part.

"'Now look here, Evans, this is a difficult case,' Stonewall said when I had finished reading the papers, during which I could feel his keen eyes studying my face. 'I have the reputation of never having fallen down on a case yet, and I am naturally anxious to keep that reputation. I, for one, believe your story. Not only am I convinced that you were the innocent tool of a band of crooks, but I am also positive that you are the only one who can help me unravel this mystery. I'll get you out of here, and want you to meet me at seven-thirty this evening at Brooklyn Bridge, and we'll see if we can't get a clue to work on.'

"Of course I had played the fool, but there was no need of this detective's taking it for granted that I was still of the same turn of mind. Tombs doors might open to let him in or out, but I was not deluding myself with the hope that they would swing back to let me, with the damning weight of evidence against me, walk calmly forth to keep an engagement at Brooklyn Bridge at 7.30, even though that engagement was with New York's greatest detective. However, I did not voice my thoughts. After my visitor left I amused myself with the papers until my supper was brought in. At exactly 7.15 my door was thrown open to my astonishment and I was told that I was free to go.

CHAPTER FOUR

"WHEN I stepped from the Tombs I realized just how a bird suddenly freed from its cage feels when he finds out he can stretch his wings to his heart's content without beating them against bars. I hurried away with a long stride, thinking every step would bring me up against a stone wall. Meet the detective at the bridge at 7.30 or at any other time? Not I. I was mak-

ing it straight for uptown. The sooner I could get away from New York City the better I would feel. I cursed my carelessness in leaving that thousand dollars in the dress suit. With that I could have bought a ticket for the West. On the other hand, what guarantee had I that the thousand would have been returned to me when I left the Tombs? The thirteen cents in my pocket had escaped unnoticed, or did they realize that I couldn't travel far on that amount? I quickened my pace, and not until I had left Times Square in the distance did I begin to breathe freely. I caressed my thirteen cents. How many times in that long distance was I tempted to board a car! But there was night coming on, and I was beginning to feel hungry. I was just leaving the Circle when some one jostled against me.

"'Pardon, pard,' a voice said, and I turned to look into the face of a wayfarer like myself. His clothes were even a little worse than mine, but he looked well fed and undisturbed by consideration of the source of his next meal. He continued to walk beside me, as if eager for companionship.

"'Have a shot of booze?' he asked as we passed a saloon.

"'Funds too low,' I replied, jingling the thirteen pennies in my pocket and realizing that no odors were ever as tempting as those that issued at that moment from that saloon.

"'I'm flush to-night,' he said, revealing a bill. 'I always believe in sharing my luck with a pal. It increases one's luck. The liquor and bite will be on me.'

"He drew me into the saloon. The hot Scotch just touched the spot, and then he ordered big steaming plates of soup, followed by some more Scotch. Really, when you come down to facts, New York wasn't a half bad place. My keenness for the West was rapidly vanishing. Before long, of course, I told him my name. The hot Scotch assisted my garrulousness.

"'Why, not the Tom Evans that's mixed up in that diamond case!' he exclaimed.

"I was proud of the notoriety I had gained, and was soon telling him all the details.

"'And you left the thousand in the other suit?' he commented when I had finished. 'Well, that's what I call tough luck. Why don't you go after it?'

"'Go after it?' I repeated in amazement, even though the Scotch had partially fogged my reasoning powers.

"'Sure. Tell those Deans if they don't let you have it you'll blow.'

"'But I've already told everything I know,' I protested.

"'You can easily scare them, just the same.'

"With a little more urging he had me headed for Thirty-ninth Street, a dollar bill in my pocket and several stiff drinks under my belt. Of course, I couldn't tell any more than I had, but I might be able to scare them, and, besides, that thousand dollars really belonged to me. I had earned it.

"When I rang the bell of thirty-nine-and-a-half the door was opened by a policeman.

"'What do you want?' he asked gruffly.

"'I want to speak to Mrs. Dean,' I answered. I had not counted upon the Deans' house being in charge of the police.

"'Does some one want me,' a voice I had never heard before asked, as its owner appeared in the doorway. 'I am Mrs. Dean. Then as she caught sight of my shabby clothes she added, 'I have nothing for you to-day.'

"I stumbled down the steps in my eagerness to get away. Surely that was thirty-nine-and-a-half, but there was something strangely unfamiliar about that hallway. Mrs. Dean's voice, her whole appearance, differed from the memory I carried of her from the previous night. Was it the Scotch? I determined to swear off.

"As I reached the last step the new friend who had treated to supper was waiting for me.

"'Well, Evans, you didn't meet me at the Bridge as you promised, so I came uptown to meet you.'

"For the first time I recognized Stonewall's voice and feared a rearrest.

"'How goes it?' he continued in kindly tones that reassured me.

"'It may be the liquor,' I returned, thoughtfully, 'but somehow everything about that place seems changed. It's thirty-nine-and-a-half, though,' I added, glancing back at the number.

"'And this,' Stonewall suggested, looking up at the door of the house we were passing.

"Sure enough, thirty-nine-and-a-half was painted plainly on the glass above the wooden panel.

"'Now you have it. The house next-door is a famous gambling den that somehow or other manages to keep away from the hands of the law. It is run by a fellow named Meredith. I've been trying to get him for some time, and now I think I have him. It was that house you went into last night. It was that house to which the boy, Edwards, misled into thinking he had just left it by seeing you on the stoop, returned, perhaps to his death. Now I'm going to get you into that house, as a wealthy oil man from the West. You are going there to play every night, and you are going to find out, if you can, what became of the boy.'

"I knew there was no use trying to get away from this detective. Besides, I had gotten the boy into this mess. It was up to me to get him out if I could. Then, too, the case was becoming interesting. It was like living in reality the characters I had lived in dreams, as I pored over detective stories in the attic of my home in that little middle western town. I gave Stonewall my hand on it, and said I would stick to the end, for I thus might vindicate myself, and so my partnership with the famous detective was formed.

CHAPTER FIVE

"AS Gilson, the oil magnate, I became an intimate of the Meredith gambling house. I had unlimited means at my disposal. That averted suspicion. Every moment I was there I kept my eyes and ears open for some clue that might lead to a solution of the mystery. On my first visit I noticed that the figure '½' had been erased from the door. I soon learned that there was a woman in the house, to whom Meredith's pals referred as 'Fan.' Smithson I soon recognized as Meredith's partner. I feared at first that the recognition might be mutual, but my disguise, assumed under Stonewall's direction, was perfect. Besides, for purposes of his own, Meredith always had the rooms dimly lighted. Although little by little I gained their confidence, the gamblers never mentioned any crooked dealings in my presence. My wealth, they assumed, was boundless. It was to their advantage to at least appear as honest as a gambler can be.

"Meanwhile Stonewall was not idle. As he said, he had the reputation of never losing a case. The more this one baffled him the more determined he was to solve it. We both felt that Weinberg's boy, Edwards, was still alive, and that his safety depended upon the rapidity and surety with which we did our work. Milt Morton, the boy's room-

mate, through a series of strange coincidences, was able to supply the detective with important evidence.

"Morton worked in the office of a man named Helstein, a goldbeater, in a building backing the one occupied by Weinberg, the pawnbroker. On the afternoon of the robbery Edwards had stopped in at his friend's place to tell him that it would be impossible to go to the theatre as they had planned that morning.

"'I have to go on the same old errand again, loaning the diamonds,' he said, 'and it will probably be the wee small hours before I'll be able to hit the hay.'

"'Who's that?' Helstein inquired, returning to the shop just as the two boys were saying good-by.

"'George Edwards, my roommate,' Morton answered.

"'Well, do your visiting after working hours,' Helstein snarled as he settled down in his seat at the bench.

"For half an hour afterward neither spoke. All that could be heard was the rat-tat-tat of the hammers as they descended upon the sheets of shining gold.

"'Damn it all, I've broken my parchment,' Helstein exclaimed finally, getting up from his stool, and going to the drawer where he kept a supply. The parchment, as you may know, covers the rest upon which the sheets of gold are beaten. As he took a fresh piece from the drawer he gave a grunt of amazement.

"'Why, here's something right here about George Edwards,' he said. '"Know all men by these presents that I, Susan Tarberry——" It's a will——'

"'A will with the name of George Edwards in it?' Morgan questioned, getting up from his seat and approaching Helstein.

"'No, I was mistaken,' the latter answered. 'My sight must be falling me. I see now it's a George Ellis. Ellis, Ellis, yes, that's the name. It's after six—time you were going home.'

"Morton noticed that he did not spread the parchment over the rest, as he had intended, but carefully returned it to the drawer, which he locked securely, replacing the key in his pocket. This drawer had always stood open, so that the apprentice might get a fresh supply of parchment as he needed it. Morton went to the show after supper. All during the play that night the suspicious action of his employer kept recurring to his mind. If there was nothing of importance in the old parchment why had Helstein been so careful to keep it under lock and key? He had a few hours to waste before George would return from his mission, and decided to go back to the shop, see if he could open the drawer and make himself acquainted with the contents of that parchment. Luckily for his purpose, he opened the shop in the morning, and therefore always carried the key with him. He had entered the shop, made the way to his stool, and was just about to strike a match, when he heard another key inserted in the lock. Probably some one had come to rob the shop. He had always warned Helstein that he should have the door fastened more securely. He slid down under his bench just as two men entered. Only one of them spoke.

"'Don't throw a glim,' he said. 'We'll go right through to the old man and his diamonds.'

"Without another word the two men passed through the back door. As soon as it had closed after them Morton crawled from his hiding place and followed. From the shadow of the doorway he could see that they were doing something to the pane of glass in the rear window of the pawnbroker's shop. After a few seconds the man who had spoken before gave the order:

"'Now then, up with her.'

"Silently the two disappeared through the window. Morton crossed the yard, and raising himself up on the stone ledge, peered into the back room of the shop. The place was absolutely dark, and it was impossible to even distinguish figures. In a few seconds, however, he heard the words:

"'Tell me where you keep the Tarberry diamonds or you're a dead man.'

"'I swear they are not here. I have lent them out,' came in the frightened tones of the pawnbroker's voice, which Morton recognized immediately from his roommate's correct imitations.

"'The truth now,' the voice threatened.

"'I have told it,' the pawnbroker gasped.

"There was a choking, gurgling sound, a groan, the falling of a body and before Morton fully realized what had happened the two men dashed out the window, from the ledge of which he had just jumped with the intention of giving the alarm. They crossed the yard and disappeared at the back door of Helstein's shop. The young man followed, but the moment his hand touched the knob he knew that the patent lock had sprung from the inside and that he was a prisoner in the tiny courtyard. If the police caught him there he realized that it would be difficult to make them believe his honesty. He thought of the fire escape that led to the storeroom above the goldbeater's shop, and was sure he would have little difficulty in prying open the window. In this way he mad his way below, and out of the shop. Returning to his rooms, he awaited the coming of George Edwards. It was not until the next morning that he had any knowledge of the fate that had befallen his friend. He immediately sought Stonewall and related to him all he knew of the events of the previous night. The fact that the two men had entered Helstein's shop by means of a key proved to the detective that the goldbeater was in some way implicated in the crime. He set Morton to watch his employer, report all his callers, and if possible obtain possession of the parchment which Helstein was so careful to keep under lock and key.

CHAPTER SIX

"TWO days passed before Morton had anything to report. On the morning of the third day, as he and his employer sat at their benches busily beating their gold, a stranger entered.

"'Good-morning, Helstein,' he greeted, and Morton immediately recognized the voice of the man who had passed through the shop on the night of Weinberg's murder.

"Helstein cast a warning glance in Morton's direction.

"'Will you be able to get that gold for me to-day?' the visitor asked.

"'Not until this evening,' Helstein answered meaningly. 'I may have it here for you after dinner.'

"At noontime Morton got in touch with Stonewall, the detective.

"'When Helstein goes to dinner return to the shop and conceal yourself where you can overhear any conversation that may take place,' the detective ordered. 'I will have the place well covered in case anything unexpected happens.'

"Morton crouched behind a huge bench in the rear of the shop and waited what seemed hours before he heard his employer's key turn in the lock. Fifteen minutes later there was a light tap on the outer door, and Helstein opened it to admit the visitor of the afternoon.

"'There is no danger of our being overheard?' the latter questioned immediately.

"'None whatever. The entire building is empty. You may speak freely,' the goldbearer returned.

"'Did you get the diamonds?' the newcomer asked eagerly.

"'No,' Helstein answered.

"'Damn it, why not?' the tall man continued.

"'Because they were not offered to me,' the goldbeater replied.

"'But you believe Meredith stole them from George Edwards, don't you? You don't think there's a word of truth in that story about the Deans?'

"'Of course not, and I can tell you something that may be of even more interest to you. The jewel cases were returned to Weinberg's shop. They are now in the hands of the executor, and will be sold at public auction tomorrow, with the rest of his belongings.'

"'I must have them at any cost,' the man said hurriedly. 'They contain papers of great importance to myself and my son.'

"'Just so,' Helstein replied with a sneer. 'But tell me, do they contain any papers as valuable as this one? Listen to this, and then tell me what will be my share of the spoils; listen to the will of old Susan Tarberry, which, barring the legacy left you, bequeaths five millions to the legal heirs of her daughter, who married one George Edwards. Listen to the will——'

"But he got no further, for the tall man made a dash as if to wrest the paper from the goldbeater's hand.

"'Double-dealing old wretch, you have the diamonds after all,' he cried. 'Where else, except from the secret compartment beneath the jewel case which holds the Tarberry coronet, could you have obtained that will, which is the secret of the Tarberry diamonds, the reason that I am so anxious to get them back in my possession? Give me that paper, or by heaven I'll put a bullet into your brain.'

"'But Helstein was ready for him. With a quick movement he dashed away the revolver which the man already held at his head.

"'Now sit down and listen to me,' the goldbeater commanded, covering the man with his own weapon. 'You won't have a chance to finish me the way you did poor old Weinberg. I know your life and its secrets, and I also know this, Edward Tarbery, if George Edwards is dead, five millions will come to you and your rascally son under the will that has been missing for years. You are now negotiating with Meredith, the gambler, to take the life of the boy, who is concealed in the Mulberry Street tenement, in the rear of Kelly's saloon. While seeking to steal the diamonds from Weinberg, with whom you pawned them, before you knew of the missing will, you killed the old pawnbroker. You see I know enough to send you to the chair. You will pay my price—one hundred thousand dollars—when I give you proof of George Edwards's death, and remember I, not you, control Meredith and his pals, and can place the diamonds in their original cases, along with this parchment, into your hands.'

"'I will pay your price,' Tarberry replied humbly.

"'Put it in writing then.'

"By the light of a candle, which Holstein produced from a nearby shelf, Tarberry wrote and signed the paper. Morton could scarcely wait until his employer had closed the door upon himself and his companion before rushing from his hiding place to notify Stonewall of what had happened."

CHAPTER SEVEN

"THE very night that this took place in the goldbeater's shop I entered the Meredith gambling house, fully determined to bring the matter to an issue. This calmly playing every night, losing a little, winning a little, was not leading me any closer to a solution of the mystery. I would lay down my trump card and put an end to further dallying. Liquor had been flowing freely and I never failed to have my glass filled at each turn. When the others were all attention on the table I quietly emptied the contents of my glass into a cuspidor at my side. But each time my play came my hand was a trifle less steady. I saw Meredith and Smithson exchanged glances of satisfaction. Finally I fell forward on the table.

"'I want to lie down,' I whispered to Meredith, who ran to my side. 'Got a lot of money. Must keep it safe.'

"'All right, pard,' he encouraged. 'Here, help me lift him,' he added, motioning to Smithson.

"Between them they carried me up-stairs. Through half-closed lids I made a mental note of every object we passed. Yes, they were taking me to the same room, the one in which I changed my clothes that eventful night. Stretching me out on the bed, Meredith whispered to his companion:

"'Leave him here until the rest of the people have gone. No one knows he has a roll and we won't have to share it with them.'

"I prayed they would not lock the door and they saw no reason for taking that precaution. As far as they knew I was safely closeted with John Barleycorn for many hours to come. I listened to their steps going down the hall and then descending the stairs. I lay perfectly still for about five minutes and then cautiously rose from the bed, quietly opened the door, and listened for sounds from below. I could hear nothing. I had little hope that young Edwards was concealed in the house, but the woman, the one who had impersonated Mrs. Dean that night, must have her quarters on this floor. Under the sill of the door leading into the next room I saw a light. Without any definite idea of details, I determined to enter that room and if, as I believed, it was occupied by the woman, to force her in some way to tell me the hiding place of young Edwards.

"I made a rush at the door, which I supposed would be locked. Much to my surprise it yielded to my touch, and I almost lost my balance as I stumbled into the center of the room. As I surmised, its occupant was a woman. At my unceremonious entrance she dropped something yellow which she had been holding in one hand. She grasped for the electric bell button, but I succeeded in seizing her arm before she could press it. She turned to me with terror in her eyes, and I recognized my acquaintance of the traveling company, Loretta. My gaze took in the object she had dropped, a yellow wig, which she had been in the act of dressing at my entrance. No wonder there had been something familiar about her that night.

"'Tom,' she gasped.

"'How did you come here?' I asked sternly.

"She sank into a chair before replying.

"'I didn't know what this place was,' she began in a trembling voice, 'until it was too late. While making the rounds of the managers' offices one morning I met that man Meredith. I was pretty low in cash at that time; in fact, I had spent my last nickel to get down-town. He found some excuse to talk to me and finally invited me to lunch. I did not like his looks, but I had not eaten since the previous night and was getting weak. I accepted his

invitation and accompanied him to a quiet little restaurant on Broadway. He was courteous and kind during the meal, leading me to talk of my work and the difficulties I encountered in seeking an engagement. He spoke intimately of managers whom I knew really controlled the stage. He promised that his influence would procure an engagement for me in a short time. Meanwhile he insisted upon lending me money to live, assuring me that it was simply a business transaction and that I could repay him as soon as I had begun to draw a salary. I was grateful for his kindness, and lunched and dined with him several times after that. Finally, one evening, he told me that he was entertaining some friends in his home on Thirty-ninth street, among whom would be a prominent manager and his wife. It would be an excellent opportunity, he said, to form a personal friendship, which would be of certain benefit professionally. I protested that it might be better for me to meet his friend at his office, looking down at my shabby suit as I spoke.

"'We can fix that easily enough,' he said, reading my thought. 'You will have all day to-morrow to shop for a new gown.'

"'Before he left that evening, he handed me sufficient money to buy everything I needed to make a pleasing appearance at the dinner. There isn't much more to tell. I fell into the trap. I was ashamed to return to my former associates, who would naturally question me about my absence. For a long time I knew nothing about his crooked dealings, and when the knowledge was finally brought home to me I had become too deeply involved myself to give him away. But come, you must get out of here as quickly as possible,' she added anxiously, breaking off her explanation. 'I am afraid the gang will come up-stairs any minute. They may not do you bodily harm, but I would not vouch for them. I will show you a way to get out without passing through the main hall.'

"'Not until I have accomplished my errand,' I replied coolly. 'I came here to learn the fate of George Edwards and I will not leave until I do.'

"She hesitated for a moment.

"'Will you swear that you will never reveal the fact that I told, if I give you the desired information?" she asked.

"'I will,' I answered solemnly.

"'He is in the back room on the top floor of the Mulberry Street tenement, in back of Kelly's saloon,' she said hurriedly. 'Now don't delay another second, for they have planned to kill him to-night. Even now you may be too late.'

"She pushed me out into the hall, through a little room in the rear, and down a pair of dark stairs which led to the basement. Thence I got into a narrow alley.

"'Now hurry,' she whispered, as she opened the gate and let me out into the street.

"I needed no urging and did not even stop to phone Stonewall. I hoped that I might be able to save the boy's life, jumped into a passing taxi-cab, and told the chauffeur to make all haste to the Mulberry Street tenement.

"'Get me there in a hurry and there's a twenty-dollar note in it for you,' I encouraged.

"'I'll do my best,' the man responded, as we swung down the street.

CHAPTER EIGHT

"WHEN we reached the tenement I did not wait for the flivver to stop, but jumped out and sped up the hall stairs. When I reached the top flight I could hear moans accompanied by pleas for mercy. I thanked God there was still time. Led by the voice, I placed all my weight against a door in the rear of the hall. It was securely locked, but somehow I seemed to have superhuman strength. It yielded to the force of my body and I tumbled into a dingy room. Instantly a revolver was pointed at me, but before the man who held it had time to pull the trigger three shots rang out from the doorway. The boy Morton and the detective's men had just arrived.

"'Milt,' came in a feeble gasp from the corner of the room, and I recognized in the shrunken, pale-faced lad lying on the floor the young man who had run up the steps in response to my call on the night of the diamond robbery.

"Morton was soon bending over him, assuring him of his safety. But the boy did not hear him. Exhausted from lack of food and from constant wrenching at the chains with which his captors had bound him, some final torture at their hands had proved too much for him. Morton gave a cry of terror as the boy's eyes closed, and his head rolled helplessly back on the floor.

"'He's dead,' he exclaimed, grasping his friend's cold hand and rubbing it frantically.

"'Run for a doctor, quick,' the detective commanded, interrupting his directions to his aides for the removal of the prisoners.

"When I reached the bottom steps I sent a group of small boys playing marbles in the doorway scampering in every direction for a doctor, while I went to the nearest drug store and phoned to the hospital for an ambulance.

"The first doctor who arrived gave us a faint gleam of hope by his announcement that Edwards' heart was still beating very weakly. The second physician, who came a few moments later with the ambulance surgeon, worked over the boy for almost an hour before there was a faint fluttering of the eyelids, followed shortly by the opening of the eyes. A little while afterward young Edwards made a brave attempt to answer the encouraging smile of his friend Morton.

"The latter was a constant watcher at the boy's bedside in the hospital until he was pronounced completely out of danger. Even then he seemed loath to leave him, fearing some ill might befall Edwards in his absence.

CHAPTER NINE

"THE pawnbroker's shop was rapidly becoming one of the show places in the city. Sunday papers carried its picture in feature articles, making wild guesses as to who had the diamonds. The existence of the Meredith gambling house and my discoveries there had in some miraculous way been kept from the reporters. It was a case of 'Diamonds, diamonds, who has the diamonds?' Leading dailies were offering large sums of money for a solution of the mystery.

"When the pawnbroker's effects were auctioned off a month later a crowd extended far out on the pavement, and the line of fashionable equipages drawn up at the curb made the dingy little block feel that one of the up-town hotels had suddenly been transplanted into its midst. Curio seekers were as anxious to have some souvenir of the deceased Weinberg as if he had been some dethroned monarch or footlight favorite.

However, when the auctioneer held up six small boxes toward the close of the afternoon interest in the bidding had died down to a considerable extent.

"'Here we are, ladies and gentlemen,' he shouted. 'I now have great pleasure to offer you these six beautiful

jewel cases, made of the finest Malacca wood, and lined with the best quality satin. What am I bid for them?"

"As he had calculated the general public, ignorant of the history of the cases, was blasé to them. He was equally confident that Helstein, who had not been seen since the evening he left the shop with Tarberry, would appear at the auction, unwilling to trust the purchase of the cases to any of his assistants.

"'Ten cents apiece,' I bid, following my directions from detective Stonewall.

"'What! Ten cents apiece for these beautiful Malacca wood boxes, satin-lined? My dear young man, do not insult the taste of this most intelligent assembly,' the auctioneer exclaimed, running true to form.

"'Twenty cents,' came from an elderly gray-haired man in the rear of the room.

"'Twenty cents, twenty cents, twenty cents, going——'

"'Forty,' I interrupted eagerly.

"'Sixty,' came from the elderly man.

"'Five dollars,' I shouted.

"'Six."

"'Seven.'

"'Ten.'

"'Twenty.'

"'A hundred.'

"'Two hundred.'

"'Three hundred.'

"'Five hundred,' the elderly man cried almost before the echo of my last bid had died down.

"But the auctioneer did not hear him.

"'Three hundred, three hundred, three hundred, going to Mr. ———. What did you say your name was, sir?'

"'Evens.'

"'To Mr. Evans at three hundred.'

"'That's not fair,' exclaimed the elderly man, making his way through the crowd to the platform. 'I said "Five hundred."'

"'And any man in his senses who would bid five hundred for six empty jewel cases must have some good reason for doing so. Perhaps he wants to put back what was in them originally. Well, come with me and we'll give you that chance,' said the auctioneer, who was Stonewall the detective.

"Before the old gentleman, who was Helstein, disguised, could make a move, handcuffs were clasped on his wrists and he was shoved through the excited crowd. At the doorway a police wagon was awaiting him.

"A search at headquarters revealed the diamonds hidden on his person. But the most wonderful stone of all, the Tarberry coronet, was still reposing in one of the jewel cases in a compartment opened by a secret spring. Here also was the original will, leaving the bulk of the Tarberry fortune to young Edwards. It was a copy of this will, together with a description of the secret compartment containing the prize jewel, that Helstein had so unexpectedly found in his bunch of old parchments, and which Morton had been able to copy one day during his employer's absence. The knowledge of the hiding place of both the will and stone had come to Tarberry, the crook, after he had pawned the diamonds with Weinberg. Unable to raise money to redeem them, he had planned to steal them on the very night that Meredith, making the same plan, unwittingly got possession of the heir whose death was of greater value to Tarberry than the diamonds themselves.

"And they all received their just deserts?" I questioned as Evans paused in his narrative.

"Yes, sir. By the time we got through rounding them all up, cells were almost as scarce as modern apartments are now."

"And they offered you a place in the detective department."

"I've been growing old in it ever since. I guess it's almost time to make room for new blood."

"Nonsense," I laughed. "Your experience is worth more than the best 'new blood' that could be brought into the service. But by the way," I continued after a pause, "what ever became of the actress lady? Loretta, I believe you called her.

"Loretta?" he laughed. "Why, she became one of the most beloved stars of her day. Her final effort to help the boy Edwards gained her a complete pardon for any hand she had in that night's doing, and Edwards, from a sense of gratitude, mingled with a desire to part with some of his new-found riches, backed her in a play. Its success not only made her, but it gave the boy a taste for the game, and to-day, under another name, he is one of the most powerful managers in the theatrical world."

"Sounds like a movie," I said thoughtfully; "guess I'll——"

"Yes, why don't you?" he suggested with a laugh at my weakness for trying to turn life into one long picture scenario.

Unconscious of his presence I took out pencil and paper and set to work on the first reel.

WARNS OF SPIRITS

THERE is nothing new about spiritualism, as it was known and condemned in the time of Moses, the Rev. John T. Wickham, Superior of the Apostolate Fathers of the Archdiocese of New York, told the big audience at high mass recently in St. Patrick's Cathedral. Catholics are forbidden to attend spiritualistic seances, he said, or become mediums of what he termed "this ancient pagan cult."

Many of the so-called facts of spiritualism can be ascribed to fraud, Father Wickham said, as was the case of the Italian woman, Eusapia Palladino. "Some facts are explained by hypnotic influences, some facts point to diabolic agency," he added.

"Spiritualism has wrecked more than one brilliant intellect, and mind specialists can relate many sad cases of complete nervous breakdown resultant from dabbling in spiritualistic practices," Father Wickham continued. "It is manifested in the feverish excitement produced by the weird seances, the mediums, under stress of varied type, bringing about such phenomena as table rapping, the spelling of the ouija board, the speaking of unknown tongues.

"The Catholic Church believes that they that have done good and been in perfect friendship with God shall go after death to a place of eternal life and happiness; they that have done great sin, unrepented for, will be sent to a place of everlasting perdition. Purgatory, according to the Church's teaching, is a place or condition of temporary punishment. The Church believes that the souls in Purgatory are helped by the prayers of the faithful, especially by the acceptable sacrifice of the altar."

A BAFFLING CASE

By A. R. LEWIS

I was talking with my friend Mathews, the city detective, in his office on Broadway one morning in the spring, when a messenger arrived with a note from the Inspector.

"Ah," said Mathews, throwing the hastily read note aside, "here is a new case—a murder. I am directed to go to the scene, No. ——, East 18th Street, and investigate. If you care to go, come along, for I think you may possibly find it an interesting affair; though the inspector merely states the reported crime seems to be rather mysterious. Evidently, as yet, he knows little more than the bare fact that murder has been done. We shall, no doubt, find the house in charge of the police, and there will be no difficulty about you taking a look about with me."

Of course I was glad to go, being at that time a reporter on the staff of a New York daily, and always on the lookout for something in the way of news to write up. I had accompanied Mathews before when he was professionally engaged and I had become much interested in his methods, always finding him doing something to demonstrate his shrewdness and remarkable power of reconstructing the whole history of a crime from the most trivial circumstances, and from what seemed to me, the most indefinite clues.

We arrived at No. — 18th Street, East (I do not give the precise number of the house, the owner having requested that no publicity relating to the crime be given). The property had been depreciated in renting value, by the published reports. We found an officer at the door, Before going in Mathews took a good look at the exterior, and I did the same. The house was a furnished rooms establishment of the better class, as the card on the door told. It was a three-story house. On the west side a dwelling abutted against it, but on the east side there was a passage, about six or eight feet wide, between it and the next house, which had the appearance of being vacant, and indeed as I looked again I saw a "To-let" sign on the front window.

"Monahan," Mathews to the officer at the door, "what do you know about the affair here? The inspector has sent me to look up the matter a bit, you understand."

"It's a queer thing. A man by the name of Martin Dean has been murdered in his room here, or else he killed himself. I'm blessed if I can tell which, though the landlady is sure it's murder. Here she is, and she'll tell you all about it. Mrs. Winslow, Mr. Mathews, the detective."

Mathews acknowledged this introduction to a stout, middle-aged woman, of lady-like appearance, who just then appeared in the door. She bade us enter. Inside she remarked:

"All that I can tell you about the murder of Mr. Dean is little enough, but murder it is, I am sure, although it does appear impossible that the old gentleman's life could have been taken by any hand other than his own. The police who came, at first gave it as their opinion that Mr. Dean had committed suicide, and——"

"Wait, if you please, madam, until I view the remains, and the close surroundings, before you say any more. Perhaps unbiased by an explanation, I may be better able to grasp at these suggestions of the truth which are always to be found at the scene of a crime, if one is able to interpret them," Mathews said deprecatingly.

"Certainly," the landlady assented, in the same spirit, and thereupon she conducted us to a room on the third floor on the east side of the house, and at the rear. A policeman was seated in the hall outside the closed door. He bowed to Mathews, and in reply to the latter's question stated that neither the body of the victim nor anything else in the room had been disturbed since the discovery of the supposed crime. The policeman opened the door, and we went in, following Mrs. Winslow.

The room was a large square one, with two large windows. It was a corner room. In the wall, on the east side, there was one window. The other was set in the rear wall. The apartment was furnished as a sleeping chamber, and there was nothing in the least out of the common about its furniture or appointments.

Within three feet of, and directly before, the window in the side wall, lay the dead body of an elderly man. The body lay upon its back, and from the breast in the region of the heart, protruded an iron handled knife. The blade was sunk almost to the handle. The white, distorted face of the victim wore an expression which I shall never forget. It was as if the look of mortal agony, and terror that had come upon it the last moments of life had been frozen there, and that rigor mortis had fixed and held it.

The window, before which the body lay, was closed. Everything in the room was in perfect order—nothing suggested that anything like a struggle had taken place.

Mathews' deep, dark eyes brightened as he looked about. For a moment he looked at the dead man, then he went to the window and looked out. Next he went to the door, and seemed to take particular notice of the position of the body, relative to the portal.

"No," he muttered, stepping away; then turning to Mrs. Winslow, he added: "Now, my dear madam, if you will kindly continue the statement you began below stairs, you will oblige us greatly."

"Certainly, sir. Two hours ago I had occasion to rap at the door of this room. Mr. Dean opened it. He seemed to be in excellent spirits, and I spoke with him for several minutes. Then I walked away, and he closed the door, but I had only just reached the end of the hall, not more than twenty feet away, and paused there to fix a curtain, which had fallen from the window, when the most terrible scream, and one single cry of 'Help!' came from Mr. Dean's room and I recognized his voice. Running back instantly, I reached his door, but found it locked. I called but there was no answer. Then I hastened down-stairs, got a duplicate key, and coming back unlocked the door with it. Then I saw Mr. Dean in the same position in which the body is now, dead. Of course I sent for the police, as soon as I got over the shock of the terrible discovery."

Mrs. Winslow paused, and Mathews asked:

"Do I understand that Mr. Dean was alone in the room when you spoke to him, a moment before you discovered his dead body?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was the window before which his body lay closed, when you spoke to him?"

"No—that is, I think not. I can't be sure, but I knew it was closed when I opened the door with my own key, and saw him dead."

"The weapon which caused his death has a peculiar handle. Have you ever seen it before? Do you know if it belonged to Mr. Dean or not?"

"I do not know if he owned it. I never saw it before."

"What was the unfortunate man's business or occupation?"

"He was not employed. He told me he received a small income from some property which he owned, and said it would serve for all his modest wants. He was an unmarried man, and told me his few living relatives resided in the West. An examination of his papers and letters in this desk yonder may tell you more," and Mrs. Winslow indicated a desk in the corner.

Mathews nodded, and had taken a step in the direction of the desk, when Mrs. Winslow arrested him saying.

"Oh, by the way, I just remember that Mr. Dean told me he was formerly in your line of business—that is, he stated he was employed by the Secret Service Department of the Government, during Chief Brooks' time."

"Indeed. I do not recall the name of Dean in connection with the Secret Service Department. However, he may have been one of those unknown agents, who form the network of the service that is spread over the whole country, so that the head of the department can, with a flash of the telegraph, put his unknown agents at work almost anywhere, without the least possible delay," replied Mathews.

Just then a female voice from below stairs called Mrs. Winslow, and having excused herself, the landlady withdrew. Mathews closed the door and went to the desk. His face wore a preoccupied expression. I knew he was trying to delve beneath the surface of this mystery, and I did not speak, while he silently began to examine the contents of the dead man's desk. When he had finished he looked up at me and said:

"The only thing of any possible importance that I have found here is the evidence that, as the landlady said, Dean was formerly in the Secret Service under Chief Brooks."

"Well, what do you think of the whole affair, from the point of view you now have?" I asked.

"Let me hear your views," he countered, smiling.

"I don't think my views can be of any value to a professional like yourself, but I am free to say that I cannot see how it can possibly be that this can be anything but a case of suicide. The victim was alone a few moments before he uttered his death cry. No one could have entered the room as Mrs. Winslow was in sight of the door. She found it locked when she reached it, with Dean's death scream ringing in her ears. But I need not recapitulate all this. You see yourself no one could have entered the room, killed Dean, and escaped unseen. The room is on the third story and no one could have gained entrance by a window. I suppose you will say Dean's cry for help proves he was assassinated. But may we not explain that by saying that when he dealt himself the fatal blow an awful terror of death came upon him and forced that scream from his throat?"

"I shall have to differ with you entirely," replied Mathews. "I am convinced that Martin Dean is not a suicide but that he was murdered. Let me open the window before which the body lies. I think we shall find something that may help as a clue."

I saw then just at the edge of the sash a white cloth. I had not noticed it before. Mathews raised the sash, and a white handkerchief with a fly freshly crushed upon it was seen on the sill.

There had been a shower in the morning, but the rain had ceased at about the time when the crime was discovered.

"This handkerchief is scarcely damp, and it is free from dirt," said Mathews. "Before the rainfall the wind was whirling the dust all day along the street, and through the passage. The handkerchief belongs to Dean for I see his initial stamped in the corner. The fly on it was crushed by the sudden fall of the window sash. I find the cord on the sash is broken, and because of the position of the body, as well as from the evidence of the handkerchief with the crushed fly upon it, I construct the theory that, when he was killed, Dean stood at the window, that he had chanced to drop the handkerchief on the sill, that when the knife struck him he let go of the window, which he had to hold up, because of the broken cord, and its sudden fall crushed the fly as Dean sank to the floor. Now the evidence of the handkerchief is, to my mind, most important, because it fixes to my satisfaction the position in which Dean was when he met his death. Yes, I am sure he stood at the open window, holding up the sash." Mathews was complacent, and evidently sure of his hypothesis.

"If Dean had been killed by a bullet, I might fall in with your theory," I said, "but the dagger in his heart tells us that weapon was the instrument of his death. You will not pretend to say the knife was shot into Dean's body while he stood at the window?"

Mathews looked at me with that cool and quizzical smile which I sometimes found aggravating, as it seemed to indicate something like pity as well as amusement.

"Come to the window, please. I find something in the view from it which is to me quite interesting, when I consider the factors in the problem, of which, I fancy, I have already made sure," said he presently.

"Very well. I see only the wall of the closed house on the other side of the passage. There is a window there and the heavy blinds are closed. Don't you see the sign on the house that tells it's empty?" I asked, taking my place beside him.

"Quite right, quite right. And now, by the way, if you have a little more time to spare, I should like to have you go with me on a short expedition. Come—what do you say?"

"I don't know what you are driving at, but I am ready to accompany you anywhere."

"All right. But before we go I want to call your attention to the fact that the dagger or knife which killed Mr. Dean is a most peculiar weapon. The handle, as you can see, is heavy iron with a crosspiece for the hilt where the blade joins it. The blade itself is broad, heavy and two-edged and of one regular width—not tapering until it comes to about an inch of the end where it suddenly sharpens down each side to a very fine point."

I stared at him, wondering if he was making game of me. We could see only the handle of the dagger, which was as he described it, and perhaps a couple of inches of the bright steel blade. The rest of it was driven into the body, and yet Mathews described the pointing of the blade that was sheathed out of sight in the heart of the dead man.

"If you are trying to amuse yourself at my expense, very well, but you certainly do not expect me to believe you have correctly described the blade of the dagger which you have not seen," said I, just a trifle heatedly.

"Just that. See here, my friend," replied Mathews

with provoking coolness, as he drew the dagger from the body, and held it up before my eyes.

I must have opened them very wide, for I was completely astonished to see that the bloodstained blade was precisely of the shape which Mathews had declared it to be.

"How in the world did you know how it looked?" I exclaimed.

"Never mind now. I have an idea time may be an important factor. We must not delay. I'll explain later—come along!"

We hastened to the next house, and Mathews led the way straight to the door of the room on the side of the narrow passage into which we had looked from the dead man's window.

"I'm going in here—that is to say, if one of the bunch of keys I have in my pocket will fit the lock," Mathews said. He fitted a key in the lock and turned it. "Good! There you are. If you ever become a detective take my advice, and always carry a bunch of keys, of all kinds with you. If you should have a skeleton or two, all the better," he added and in a moment we were inside. "Now then, for the third floor and the room in which the window is the one placed opposite the one in Martin Dean's room, before which his body lies."

Mathews began to ascend the stairs as he spoke, and I followed.

The house had been cleaned since it was vacated. No dust on the floor, nothing to hold tracks. I had hoped it might be otherwise. "Hello! the end of a Turkish cigarette. Good, but it might be better," the officer suddenly exclaimed.

Mathews spoke to himself more than to me, and at the head of the stairs he paused to pick up the stub of a cigarette. A moment later we reached the third floor. Mathews went straight to a door, and opened it, saying:

"Here we are," and then he crossed the floor and opened the window. I went in and through the window saw the window of Dean's room, opposite. We were in the room whose portal looked upon that of the scene of the murder.

Mathews looked at the floor. It was perfectly clean, there was no dust, no trace of footprints, and yet Mathews said confidently, as he placed himself before the window:

"The assassin stood here."

I did not question him. In his good time his explanations would come and not before, as I well knew. Presently he said:

"That's all here; we will go." In the street he added: "The direct investigating of this peculiar case is now at an end. I may have a good deal of work before me and a long search to make before I can come to prove the theory that I have formed. We must part now, but as soon as I get to the end of the thread that I think I have in my hands, I'll let you know all. Good-day, old chap."

About two weeks later Mathews met me in the street one evening. He was looking radiant. I jumped to the conclusion that he had reached a solution of the murder of Martin Dean.

"Hello, you are just the man I want to see," cried the detective, shaking my hand vigorously. "Can you come with me to the Harlem Vaudeville theatre up town."

"Why yes, but what for? I know you don't care for variety shows as a rule."

"I want to show you the murderer of Martin Dean. I want the wretch to convince you himself that my theory is right."

"You surprise me, but you are always doing that."

Mathews laughed, and he did not speak of the Dean case again. We got orchestra seats in the vaudeville theatre he had named. The show was about half over when Mathews opened a programme and said:

"We are in luck. The next act on the bill is what I have come here to see."

The serio-comic singer then on the boards flashed her short skirts and pink tights as he spoke. The scene was changed and a dark-faced man in Mexican costume, accompanied by a young woman in tights, appeared. The programme said they were the Sicilian knife throwers.

The woman went to the side of the stage. The man took up a leather case, from which the handle of a bundle of daggers protruded. He drew one forth and balanced it in his hand, making ready to hurl toward a board, against which the woman stood. A thrill ran through my nerves as I saw that the knife which the professional knife-thrower had in his hand was exactly like the one with which Martin Dean had been slain. The succeeding instant the dagger flew through the air, and was buried deep in the wooden frame, close beside the extended arm of the woman. It was his act to surround her with daggers, that struck perilously near her body.

Before the act of the knife-thrower was ended we went out.

Some years ago I saw a man in his profession do the same act which Degano performed to-night, and I was one of a committee he called up from the audience to examine his daggers. I never forget such things. I had a theory that Dean was killed while standing at his window. I also became convinced that the dagger that killed him must have been hurled with skilful aim. Only a person accustomed to knife throwing could have done such a thing accurately. Consequently, I knew that I must look for the murderer among the professional knife-throwers."

"Ah! Now I understand how you happened to know what the shape of that blade was, while it was hidden from view, buried in the dead man's body," I interrupted, as the fact dawned on my mind that the detective had recognized the weapon as one of the kind only used by professional knife-throwers.

"Well," smiled Mathews, "I have located the criminal, as near as I can judge, but I have not exposed his motive. Until I ascertain why Martin Dean was killed, I cannot make an arrest. If I ask Tony Degano any questions, he will try to escape. I dare not let the Italian know that I suspect him, but must shadow the man and unearth his motive."

"Have you formed any plan of action to bring this mystery to a successful issue?" I inquired.

"A dozen. I am very resourceful, you know."

We had been standing in a doorway near the stage entrance while speaking and I saw Degano and his wife come out attired in street clothes. I clutched Mathews' hand.

"There they come now," I whispered.

"That's lucky. We'll follow them," replied the detective. The knife-throwers led us along several blocks and paused at a street lamp letter box into which Tony dropped a blue envelope. The post office letter collector was just approaching.

"I'm going to get that letter; it may throw some light on the mystery we are solving," said the detective. "You keep on shadowing the Deganos, and I'll soon join you."

I sped away, and Mathews spoke to the letter gatherer, and displayed his shield. A few minutes afterwards he joined me.

"Get it?" I asked.

"It's in my pocket," he answered quietly. "Where are they?"

"Just entering the actors' boarding house across the street."

"I thought they were bound for that place."

We shadowed the house until we saw the shadow of Degano on a second-story room window. He was getting undressed. Then the light went out.

"Settled for the night," I commented.

"Let's go home. I want to read Degano's letter."

"It may be written in Italian."

"That makes no difference. I'm a linguist."

We soon reached the detective's apartment, lit cigars, sat at the table under a dome light, and he drew out the letter, and glanced at the address. To his amazement Mathews saw that the letter was addressed to himself.

"He opened the letter and here's what he read to me:

"MR. MATHEWS: Report at Headquarters to-morrow morning 9 o'clock. I wish to speak to you about the Martin Dean case. INSPECTOR McBRIDE."

Puzzled and mystified, the detective and me glared at each other silently a moment. Then I laughed.

"Looks as if we had slipped a cog," I commented.

"If you want any explanation of this," said Mathews blankly, "meet me in the inspector's office at the appointed time."

We silently shook hands, and parted.

On the following morning I met the detective just as he was about to enter McBrde's office, and we silently nodded to each other, and went inside. The inspector was in his private office, talking to Degano, and the lady knife-thrower sat in a chair, with an ugly look on her pretty face.

With a brief nod to us, the chief faced the Italian woman and said:

"A year ago, Mrs. Degano, your husband died under mysterious circumstances from a stab wound, and we never learned who killed him. As I suspected you of the murder, I but one of my cleverest detectives on your trail to watch you day and night. That man is Tony Degano, your new partner on the stage."

The woman was terribly startled, but no more so than Mathews and me were.

"So!" she hissed, glaring at Tony. "You were a traitor —a spy."

"Business is business," coolly nodded Tony.

The woman's face turned yellow with rage and mortification.

"When my husband died, you offered to take his place as my partner in our theatrical act. I grew to care for you," she muttered. "I did not dream that I was nurturing a viper."

"Well," said Degano. "I tried hard to find out if you murdered your husband, but failed."

"Of course," she sneered. "I didn't kill him. But Martin Dean did."

"Gee!" muttered the inspector. "Why?"

"Because I was once his sweetheart, and my husband won me from Dean, who swore vengeance."

"Then who killed Dean?"

"I did!" she exclaimed fearlessly. "I did it to avenge my husband."

"How?" demanded the inspector.

"By entering the adjoining vacant house, and th owing pebbles across the shaft at his window-pane. I brought him to the window. He raised the sash, and I let one of my knives fly at him. He dropped a handkerchief, shouted for help, and fell just as the window crashed down. It was easy for me to return home unseen, as Tony was out."

"That's enough," said the inspector. "I'll have to charge you with the murder of Martin Dean and held for trial."

The woman smiled, shrugged her shoulders, and rose to her feet.

"My mind is easy now," she remarked in relieved tones. "I've fulfilled the vendetta I've been taught to carry out, in my own country, and I am willing to take the consequences." She was not a bit afraid, and not the least repentant. On the contrary, she was greatly pleased.

A policeman named O'Brien was summoned to escort her to the nearest police station, as the Central Office cells were filled.

The inspector kept us all talking about the case for an hour. Then the phone rang and the inspector answered it.

"Hello, inspector," said the voice on the wire, "this is Captain McClusky speaking. Officer O'Brien is in Bellevue Hospital with a broken head. He was attacked by a gang of Italian roughnecks, who rescued Mrs. Degano from him and spirited her away."

"Can't you find any of them?"

"Not yet, but some of my men are out looking for them."

"Well if you nab any of that bunch, ring me up."

We all heard what was said.

"Any orders, inspector?" asked Mathews.

"Round up the woman or her friends, if you can," growled the inspector angrily.

We departed, and an unavailing search of several weeks followed. Then the inspector received a cablegram from one of his agents in Rome.

"Dolores Degano is in this city, but cannot be deported as we have no extradition laws with Italy for the apprehension of criminals."

When Mathews told me about it, I knew the mysterious case was ended.

PILE OF BRIEFS IS 20 FEET HIGH

AN action in chancery, of which the estimated cost is $30 a minute and the time of trial thirty days, has been in progress in the Manchester Assize Court before Vice Chancellor Lawrence. The plaintiffs are creditors of the Hare Spinning Company, Ltd., Todmorden, now in liquidation, and the defendants are John Leigh Ltd., Sir John Leigh and four others, who are charged with conspiracy to defraud. The case has attracted marked attention.

One remarkable feature of the action is the length of the briefs, in typewritten manuscript, which, in a pile and pressed down, reach a height of twenty feet. The task of reading them out of court has occupied the leading counsel for weeks. Sir Edward Carson, one of the counsel for the plaintiffs, found he could not give the time for reading and the brief prepared for his perusal was given to Leslie Scott, who retired to a country house for a week to wade through the document.

Sir John Simon, of counsel for the defendants, has undertaken to read in person the brief prepared for him. There are three counsel on each side, who are expected to know from personal study what the briefs contain.

"QUEER"

By C. A. NELSON.

JOHN SING was a wise old bird. The black eyes that peered out of two oblique slits in his parchment-like, wrinkled face, appeared always to look out of the corners of those almond-shaped apertures.

No one had ever seen more than two expressions in John Sing's features. A bland, inscrutable smile invariably wreathed his countenance whether he was tackled by a careless customer attempting to get his "washee" without the cabalistic ticket; or a crafty housewife trying to worm from him the supposedly jealously guarded secret recipe for making "genuine" Chinese chop suey; or a young blood, under the pretext of leaving a package of laundry containing a frayed, tattered and grease-blackened collar which he never intended to call for, seeking to enrich his vocabulary of profanity by endeavoring to get John Sing to teach him how to say "Go to hell" in Chinese. The other expression was John Sing's features in repose—a wooden mien with as much animation as a mummy's.

"Phony!" laconically said the receiving clerk of the Twenty-ninth Street Merchants' Bank, as he pushed back a ten-dollar bill from a pile of currency that constituted John Sing's deposits late one afternoon.

"Funny?" queried John Sing uncomprehendingly, the smile leaving his face.

"Yeah; no good—counterfeit," was the sharp retort. The receiving teller wasted no courtesy on the motley crowd of depositors that lined up daily before his window.

John Sing still looked blankly first at the bill and then at the teller. "No savvy."

"Say, chink," rasped the teller impatiently, taking a new banknote and holding it and the counterfeit up to the light, "this was made by Uncle Sam and we'll take all you bring in. See those silk threads in the paper? See that engraving? Now, lamp this other bill; it looks as if it had been printed with a rubber stamp and nobody but a boob would fall for it. That home-made money don't go here—see?"

The undecipherable smile returned to John Sing's face. "Allee light," he said, "but him no funny."

When John Sing returned to his little laundry, there ensued a long consultation with Li, a young Chinaman whom he had imported from the Coast a month before to work for him. They cudgeled their brains far into the night trying to remember from whom they had received the spurious money, but in vain, for Li had a very poor memory and John Sing had not changed a bill of that denomination for several days. The bill was placed in a vacant compartment in the back of the till and beside it a genuine ten-dollar bill for comparison. John Sing did not propose to be caught again.

The following Monday morning Mrs. Crawford, a young woman in tawdry finery, brought in a bundle of soiled shirtwaists.

"I forgot to get my laundry last Saturday," she said, extracting a roll of bills from a gaudily bespangled handbag.

John Sing took down a small bundle from a tier of shelves and placed it before her.

"Fitty fi' cen'," he said.

The woman peeled off a ten-dollar bill and laid it on the counter. John Sing's face became a perfect blank as he picked it up. He opened the money drawer and placed the bill beside the two in the rear of the till. The bill was genuine as far as he could see. Then an idea came to him. As we have remarked before, John Sing was a wise old bird, and knew the human nature of the district from which his patrons came. Hyper-conscientiousness was not one of their failings. He gathered up a handful of change and turned to the woman.

"Fi' dolla'," he droned, letting the counterfeit ten-dollar bill flutter to the counter, at the same time turning his head and pretending to look back into the till.

Mrs. Crawford whisked the bill into her purse. "Four-forty-five more," she said.

John Sing counted the money into her purse. "Fo' forty-fi'."

"Correct," said the woman and hastened out.

At the thought of having been able to greatly reduce his loss, the Oriental smiled that peculiar smile of his as he threw a large black bag over his arm and went out to collect some family "washee." When he returned an hour later, he found Li standing beside the till, trembling with excitement and holding the counterfeit bill in his hand. Li related that Mrs. Crawford had just been in accompanied by a big man with a star on his vest who threatened to arrest Li if he did not disgorge real money in exchange for the spurious bill. Li had recognized the bill by a small ink stain and said he deemed it prudent to comply with the demand. For a few minutes John Sing nearly wore the little balls off his sampan figuring how much he was out by the transaction. Then he grew very thoughtful, as he realized the woman had slipped one over on him. He knew that if it had been a real officer with her, he would have confiscated the bogus bill.

While John Sing's face betrayed his feelings, his actions were more eloquent as his eyes fell upon Mrs. Crawford's bundle. With a vicious jerk he tore off the string, scattering shirtwaists all about. One of them, made of thin, georgette crepe, struck a brush standing in a pot of marking ink, bespattering the delicate fabric with unsightly splotches, and ruining the garment. John Sing sat down with the blouse in his hands and thought things over. The spot was ineffacable. He knew Mrs. Crawford would insist upon payment and would name an exorbitant figure. There remained but one solution, and he trudged patiently from one big store to another, finally succeeding in buying an exact replica of the ruined garment for five dollars.

Returning to the laundry it was easy for Li, who was something of an artist, to copy the laundry marks on the new shirtwaist. Upon looking the garment over for any telltale defects or characteristic marks, John Sing discovered on the under side of one sleeve an ink design consisting of a tiny circle surrounded by four small triangles. The design was somewhat crudely drawn and John Sing compelled Li to copy it over and over on slips of paper until he was satisfied all irregularities had been exactly reproduced. Then it was inked on the sleeve of the new

waist and the garment was thoroughly laundered to conceal its newness. In due course it was placed with the rest of Mrs. Crawford's shirtwaists and John Sing congratulated himself that he had forestalled any possible holdup on the part of that lady.

Before going to the bank two days later to make a deposit, John Sing scrutinized every bit of paper money to make sure there was no "funny" currency and he was a bit uneasy as he saw the teller give the bills a more than casual "once over." As John Sing reached for his bank book, the teller suddenly grasped his wrist, and cast furtive glances about.

"Say, chink; I didn't know you was in on this," he whispered, pointing to John Sing's sleeve on which the latter had accidentally received an imprint of the mysterious symbol from one of the slips of paper on which Li had drawn it. "Who got you in—von Golch?"

John Sing's face took on that peculiar smile that was both meaningless and meaningful and the teller thought he saw one of the Oriental's bias eyelids droop almost imperceptibly.

"Mrs. Crawford brings her laundry to your place. Has she got anything there now?"

John Sing nodded his head. The teller quickly pushed a small package toward him.

"Just put this into her laundry package, and if she does not call for the laundry herself don't give it to anyone unless he has got this mark on his sleeve."

John Sing slipped the package into his pocket.

"Say," asked the teller, "how much are *you* getting out of it?"

This time the teller was not mistaken about John Sing's eye. It executed a slow, deliberate wink as its owner's face assumed its customary vacant expression.

"A foxy chink, that," muttered the teller as John Sing, without a word, shuffled out of the bank.

John Sing returned to his little shop. He realized he "had something" on the bank teller and Mrs. Crawford that might enable him to repair the recently inflicted nicks in his bankroll, but he was undecided as to what to do, so he placed the little package in the drawer of a table in the back room while he debated in his mind, as he went about his work, whether or not to open it and appropriate some of its contents, which he felt sure was money. After a few hours of troubled cogitation, he sent Li out with the black bag to collect family laundry from customers in the neighborhood. Then he brought out the mysterious package and was examining it curiously when the bell over the entrance door tinkled as Mrs. Crawford entered the store. He shoved the package into his pocket and stepped out to the counter.

"Say, you slant-eyed mutt," came the lady-like demand from the customer, "my laundry ready?"

"No leady," was the wooden, unruffled reply.

"What!" cried Mrs. Crawford. "Why ain't it ready?"

"Tomollow," answered John Sing, smiling blandly.

"Now, look here, you grinning baboon, I want that laundry this minute! I suppose you was too busy printing bum money to wash clothes."

John Sing leaned forward on the counter and carelessly flecked an imaginary speck off the place on his sleeve that bore the curious design. And Mrs. Crawford cut short her tirade.

"Why—how—when?" she gasped in astonishment.

"Funny Gullish," murmured the Oriental with unchanged expression.

"I left von Golch half an hour ago and he didn't say anything about you bein' in on this."

"Gottee package fo' you flom bank tella'."

"You have? Give it to me."

"Fo' fitty dolla'," said John Sing softly.

"What do you mean, you highbinder?" cried the woman, adding a string of well-rounded oaths and giving the lie to a proverb attributed to an alleged wise man yclept Solomon.

"Fifty nothing!" screamed Mrs. Crawford furiously. "Not even fifty cents or fifty rusty pins. Let's see that package!"

John Sing stepped back out of the woman's reach and held the package aloft a moment. The shape and wrapping appeared familiar to the woman and her manner changed.

"Say, I ain't got fifty dollars with me," she pleaded. "Give me that package and I'll go home and bring you the fifty bucks."

The package went back into the Oriental's pocket.

"No," he said quietly as his smile broadened. "Fitty dolla' now, or mebbe p'leece gimme hundled—mebbe two hundled—mebbe——."

Mrs. Crawford betrayed agitation and hurriedly dropped two twenties and one ten-dollar bill on the counter. "Give me that package!" she snapped out.

John Sing picked up the bills and held them up to the light, very deliberately turned them over again and again under a scrutinizing gaze and carefully compared them with the counterfeit and genuine bills in the till.

"Allee light," he said finally. "No funny." Thereupon he placed the package on the counter. Mrs. Crawford snatched it up with a snarl.

"Your darned shoutin' it ain't funny, and it's going to be less funny for you a little later."

John Sing smiled as he watched the woman disappear down the street. Then, after hiding the fifty dollars in the table in the back room, he picked up a hot iron from a little gas plate and proceeded to work. His pleasant reflections put speed into his hands and the pile of ironed garments grew rapidly.

A sudden jangle of the bell as the entrance door was torn open startled John Sing out of his almost blithe reflections. The next moment a large, fleshy man vaulted over the counter and with a bound was at the Chinaman's side. With one ponderous hand he clutched John Sing's neck, in the other he held an opened package of money under the Oriental's nose.

"What do you mean by switchin' in the queer, you squint-lamped heathen?" he demanded through clenched teeth. "Where's the real dough?"

"N-n-no s-s-savvy," answered John Sing as his assailant shook him like a rattle.

"Where's the three hundred in good money that was in this package when Ryan gave it to you?" roared out the man, tightening his grip on his victim's neck and shaking him more violently.

"N-n-n-no s-s-s-savvy," was the helpless reply.

"You copied that mark off Mayme Crawford's sleeve and told her and Ryan that I had let you in on this graft, didn't you?"

"N-n-n-no s-s-s-savvy!" John Sing's stammering was now not entirely due to the shaking the big man was giving him.

"You're through savvyin' anything, you yellow-upholstered Mongolian. I was going to croak you anyway."

The man dropped the little package and flung John Sing to the floor so the counter would screen him from being seen from the street. In a frenzy of desperation John Sing kicked and clawed and bit his corpulent assailant on whom the heat in the laundry, added to the sultriness of the weather, had begun to tell. But slowly the larger man

wore down John Sing's strength by keeping a grip on his victim's windpipe. Finally the Chinaman felt himself sinking into a blackness punctuated by flashes of fire. As he pawed the floor feebly with his hand, he touched a hot iron that had been knocked to the floor. The sharp pain stimulated him to another effort. With the iron holder, that hung to his wrist by a cord, he picked up the iron and made a desperate lunge to press it to his attacker's body and the iron slipped under the waist band of the latter's trousers, which had become loosened in the struggle. As the man scrambled to his feet with a snarl of pain, the iron slid down farther and it was just as much due to, as in spite of, his frantic efforts to remove it that the scorching, blistering object lodged firmly in one leg of his trousers. Emitting a stream of howling curses, the man rushed for the door.

Two detectives who had been watching the laundry entrance from a doorway some distance away, were startled to see the big man rush out of the store, cross the street and leap into a water trough, out of which a cloud of steam arose with a hiss. The officers rushed forward and grasped the man, who alternately whined and swore, and led him back to the laundry, where they found the Chinaman sitting on the floor, weak and dazed from his experience. After relieving the fat man of the flatiron and slipping handcuffs on his wrists, paying scant heed to his wailing, they asked John Sing to relate what had happened. The Chinaman began with the discovery of the counterfeit ten-dollar bill, omitting no details except the attempt to pass the spurious bill on Mrs. Crawford and the circumstances of securing the fifty dollars from her. When he had finished, the bills that had been contained in the little package were gathered up and all found to be identical with the bogus bill John Sing produced from his money drawer. On the inside of the wrapper was found written:

G—Del 600 pwdrs to XYZ Sat. —R

"So this man Ryan at the bank is the go-between for your cocaine gang?" asked one of the detectives, addressing the fat man. "He's the missing link we've been trying to discover for so long, and he's double-crossing you with counterfeit money.

"Bill, you better call the wagon," said the detective to his companion, " 'cause I don't think Von Golch here feels like doing much walking.

"And I guess we'll invite you along, too," he added, turning to John Sing. "I think the chief will be interested in hearing your story. Your partner there can look after the place two or three hours."

The officer pointed to Li who had just arrived and stood beside the counter, trembling with apprehension as his eye took in the havoc in the store, John Sing's bruised face, the officers and the manacled prisoner, who was the same man that had forced him to surrender a good ten-dollar bill for the counterfeit given Mrs. Crawford.

One hour later, as an officer "picked up" the receiving teller of the Twenty-ninth Street Merchants' Bank, a squad of detectives descended on Mrs. Crawford's flat and confiscated a great quantity of cocaine, as well as taking into custody that lady and several visitors. Among her effects they found an old suitcase containing molds for bogus coins and other allied paraphernalia, and which Mrs. Crawford claimed had been left two years before by a boarder who had disappeared without paying his board bill.

Smiling John Sing and the prisoners were brought to the detective bureau and the eyes of the chief sparkled with savage delight as he glanced over the package of "snow," the counterfeit money and paraphernalia for making the "queer." Nothing gave him more exquisite pleasure than conducting an inquisition, at which pastime he was a past master. His plan of campaign was highly scientific. He played the different members of the gang against each other for, in his opinion, "honor among thieves" was a romantic myth. Suggestions of unequal divisions of spoils were made, with innuendoes of favoritism, of double-crossing and "goat" making; the Chinaman was thrust in at appropriate junctures and, eftsoon, the pot was completely overturned and every bean exposed to view. But, despite the most severe grilling, not one origin of the spurious bills.

John Sing wondered and wondered as he walked back toward his shop. When he arrived there he found Li had straightened up the disorder and was busily engaged with a flatiron. He stepped into the drying room and noticed an unusual redness of the cast iron stove. Peering into it, he saw a large quantity of charred paper and on the center of the glowing coals was a mass of molten copper which showed faint traces of engraving. Into John Sing's face crept his cryptical smile as comprehension dawned. He slipped silently into an adjoining box-like compartment that served as a sleeping room and with dexterous hands delved into Li's kit, at the bottom of which he found thirty new, crisp, genuine ten-dollar bills! John Sing pinched off half of the pile and transferred it to his pocket. Then he closed the kit softly. His face resumed its wonted mask as he stepped back into the main room where Li was crooning a plaintively unmelodious Chinese air as he worked.

CHINESE SOLDIER PAYS HIMSELF

THE busiest period of a Chinese soldier's life is when he is on furlough. If he is a good soldier and understands the science of looting he is forced to remain away from his outfit only about two-thirds of the time. Recruits are granted longer periods of rest and robbery.

Nathaniel Peffer, in *The Home Sector*, the ex-soldiers' weekly, conducted by the former editorial council of *The Stars and Stripes*, gives the following account of the manner in which an ambitious buck private in the Chinese army quickly learns to select his own pay days:

"He doesn't do much of anything, in fact, except when he takes to banditry, which is about two-thirds of the time for most of the Chinese army. Of the numberless bandits that infest the interior the larger proportion are soldiers, sometimes discharged and sometimes on self-granted furlough and sometimes still in service.

"That is not because the soldier is by nature a robber, but because he has to rob to live. His salary generally is grafted by officials of the Ministry of War and the higher officers before it gets down to him. There are known cases where troops stationed in a certain district have not been paid for a year or more. Naturally they have to turn to loot often, and naturally it becomes a habit; as they get expert they come to like it.

"About a year ago a certain rich town in Anhui province had been plundered several times in swift succession by robber bands. The elders of the villages called on the district magistrate for relief, the magistrate sent to the military governor for troops, the governor sent the troops. Three weeks later the town elders again called on the magistrate. They asked that the troops be withdrawn."

IN THE SPOT-LIGHT

By KATHERINE STAGG

A SHRIEK rang through the darkness of the theatre alley. The usual idlers that hung about the entrance had scattered and sought shelter for a gale was blowing that had broken the arc light just over the door. Another smothered cry, a moan, and then silence.

The wind blew with such fury that no one seemed to have heard the sounds.

It was nearly time for the curtain to go up, and most of the players were in their dressing rooms.

A muffled figure scuttled in at the door, and went swiftly to his little cubicle, unnoticed by anyone but the door-keeper, who had been inside delivering a note to the leading woman.

So it happened that Loris Lamadrid—or, more correctly spelled, Loris La Madrid, and it happened to be his real name, too—racing up the alley at full speed, for the show could not begin without him, almost fell over the dead body of pretty Musette Fealy, one of the extra girls in the show.

Loris' mother was very ill, and he had been kept by the doctor, making arrangements to have her taken to a hospital, and had time for only the most sketchy bite of supper before leaving home.

He was a boy star, playing a part as long as "Hamlet," full of narrow escapes, and what is called in the profession "heavy business." Almost born on the stage, a prodigy for several years, a term of school and now he was full-fledged hero of "The Mystery of Castle Clyde."

It was so dark that Loris could not see just what the bundle was lying so inert, but some sixth sense told him that tragedy had been before him.

Making a plunge for the stage door, he was again startled by a hoarse voice close to him.

"Say, er you de kid actor?"

Loris drew himself up rather proudly, and answered: "I used to be, but I'm sixteen now."

"Well, you're de guy I mean; I got something to say to you."

"I can't hear it now; I'm late, and I think there's a girl that is hurt here; I must get the manager."

But the street urchin grabbed him by the sleeve, and held on like grim death.

"Chee! you've got to hear it."

"Let go; who are you, anyhow?" Loris was getting angry.

"'Tain't no use tellin' who I am, but I've got to put you wise on something that is going to be pulled off to-night."

"Well, meet me after the show, and tell me then."

Loris threw himself aside, and had almost gotten away when the lad put his foot out and tripped him, so he tumbled down in the alley dirt quite ingloriously for the handsome and dashing stage hero.

"No harm meant, partner, but when I say you got to listen, it goes—see?"

"You confounded little rooster! If I had time I'd punch your nose. Didn't I tell you there's something the matter here?"

"Tend to that in a jif, but listen here; ain't there a bloke in your push that answers to the name of Val Pembroke, or some such moniker?"

"Yes, yes," Loris answered impatiently.

"Well, he's crazy shooting drunk to-night, and no one knows it but your humble."

"Drunk!" Loris repeated.

"Yep! the red-hottedest drunk that ever you saw. And ain't you got a scene where he is supposed to carve you up aplenty?"

"Yes, yes——"

"Well, cull, that's what I got to tell you. Never mind how I know, but I do know. When Ike—Val, I mean—gets good and boozed—say, he's the wildest loony outside the foolish house. Now, kid, go on and do your little stunt, but don't on your life let him draw his dagger any closer than yer lace ruffles, er you'll be jazzin' with the gold harps afore morning, and the show will be bust wide open. 'Twould be too much for the money. Now run for yer velvet panties, but keep the tail of yer eye on Ike—er—Val."

"Are you sure of this?"

"Sure'n hell."

"Be here when I come out, then."

"Betcher. Say, I hope you don't come out in pieces. Val's a corker. You jes' whistle, or call Muggsy; so long," as Loris vanished.

"And now for this bundle of dry goods. I had to warn him, but no use getting him all worked up by seeing this. Chee! I wonna if that is Ike's work, too?"

In ten minutes an ambulance drew up and the poor remnant of humanity was gathered in; the crowd passed on, all too busy buffeting the gale to notice the every-day casualty—that most cruel of words.

Inside the theatre, Loris dashed to his dressing room to don the "velvet panties" so irreverently described by his alley friend.

Stopping only for a hurried word with Briscoe, the manager, about what had been found in the alley, he made his preparations with trembling fingers.

His anxiety about his mother did not lessen his nervousness, a fact he felt rather ashamed of, not knowing that the thoroughbred always has his fright before the crisis, only to rise to any occasion with nerves of steel.

Val Pembroke did not come on until the second act, but when Loris saw him, he knew the street boy had told the truth.

Through all his make-up, his face was ghastly white and drawn, and his eyes shot lurid fires terrible to see, while his hands opened and closed constantly as if he were trying to clutch some imaginary throat.

No words can describe how harrowing this motion became after a while. The entire company was panic-stricken. But as there had been no under-study provided, the manager stood in the wings and implored each one as they came off to try and get through the performance without breaking down.

Just before the third act, Loris was standing in the wings wondering how he would get through the "big" scene

of the next act, when a messenger boy rushed up and handed him an envelope.

With a thrill of apprehension, he tore it open.

It contained only these words:—"Come at once if you wish to see mother alive."

With an inarticulate cry, he crushed the paper in his hand, and rushed to the manager's room.

Mr. Briscoe was not harder than other men, but he would not listen to any entreaty to stop the play.

He told Loris it was only a brief twenty-five minutes, and if he would finish, Loris might have the use of his automobile to take him to the hospital, thus saving the exact amount of time needed to finish the performance.

Professional discipline is strong, and Loris staggered on the stage in an agony of grief.

He had gotten about half through the act when Val Pembroke shot from the wings five minutes before his cue.

Loris was presenting a great bunch of lilies to the Princess Flavia with a beautiful poetical speech beginning:

"On bended knee
I sue to thee,
These lilies pure——"

He had gotten that far when a blood-curdling yell rang through the theatre as Pembroke dashed down the rocky path straight toward the Princess, a huge sword unsheathed in his hand.

Loris was on his knees with his back toward him, entirely unarmed.

At the sound of that murderous cry (not down in the play) Loris sprang to his feet, and stood at bay before the Princess.

His face pale, his eyes like a young eagle's, the great bunch of lilies in his hand, he was an ideal picture of youth and grace.

The audience had not quite realized as yet whether the scene was a part of the play or not, but rose to its feet in horror as they saw before the length of time of the tick of a watch, Pembroke slash the air with his sword in a mighty circle, aimed straight at the head of the Princess.

Scarce a heartbeat and Loris had sprung like a deer, and caught the full force of the blow on his right arm.

The audience gave a shuddering, vibrant moan, and then pandemonium reigned.

It seemed for an instant that everyone was too horrified to take action, but above all other sounds the shrieks of Pembroke rose in maniacal fury.

With his arm hanging limp, the blood streaming over his beautiful violet velvet costume, the lilies still clutched in his hand, Loris cried to the Princess to run to the wings.

At the sight of the blood, Pembroke became wilder than ever. Cries like those of a wild beast broke from him. Loris, being lighter and younger, had eluded that awful sword twice when he found himself cornered by a rocky cliff and the garden seat that had served as the scene of his love-making.

It seemed that nothing could save him now.

Once, twice the sword whizzed savagely when something seemed to fly through the air; and Loris, all wounded as he was, with the strength and ingenuity born of the greatest desperation, caught the immense bearskin rug which had been thrown over the garden seat, and with his left hand, dashed it full over Pembroke as he advanced for his final lunge.

Down he went completely covered while a wild cheer broke from the house.

Yells from the gallery added to the confusion: "Atta-boy! Some scrapper! Go for him, kiddo!" etc.

This broke the intensity of the spell, and laughter relieved the feelings of the horrified people.

Willing hands disarmed Pembroke, and three physicians rushed to give aid to Loris.

But quicker than lightning he had snatched a silk scarf and wound it about his arm, and was flying through the stage door out into the theatre alley down to the street where the big touring car of Mr. Briscoe stood like some sleeping monster.

Muggsy was on the job, according to his promise earlier in that eventful evening. He had taken advantage of the chauffeur's periodical thirst—these periods being only as far apart as the available corners. That gentleman being absent on this most important errand, the urchin had climbed into the vehicle for a moment of stolen luxury.

As Loris came like a sky rocket, the boy almost fell out of his skin.

"Holy mackerel! He's running away in his velvet panties!"

Then as the vision in violet velvet got close, and the boy saw the blood stains, he quivered with excitement.

"Oh, cull, he didn't hurt you bad, did he?"

Loris didn't even hear the question, but leaped into the car. A moment's work, and the great car seemed to almost spring into the air, then shot up the street like a catapult. Finding it impossible to handle the car with only his left hand, Loris was in despair, but, as if the urchin knew by instinct the difficulty, he grasped the wheel, shouting: "Give us a show, Pete, I've driven Kelly's express all over the works."

On they went, Loris shouting instructions, rocking by the corners, breaking every traffic law, but some good angel was with them, for the cops seemed to have all gone on a vacation.

It was a wild ride with its two strangely assorted and incongruous figures.

People stopped to laugh and wonder. Small boys yelled at them. Here and there a dog tried to give chase, but on and on they went, faster and faster.

Houses whirled by, electric lights strung themselves into a string of diamonds. Even the stars blurred into a mighty crown of light.

Once the boy made himself heard as he repeated the question he had asked before: "Say, boss, did he hurt yer much?"

"Only a scratch, I think; I hardly know! My mother is dying, and I must get there," Loris panted.

The kid gave a whistle, and clung to the steering wheel; he seemed to have twenty eyes around his head, for how they avoided collisions with trolley cars, "L" pillars, and a thousand other things was a miracle that perhaps only the good God could explain.

At last the machine stopped with a mighty convulsive throb, and Loris sprang up the steps and under the granite facade of the hospital.

He was instantly recognized, and barely a smile, quickly concealed, at his strange appearance in all his stage panoply answered the eager words that his pale lips could scarcely frame—"My mother?"

"Will live; she is better; that message was a damned mistake; an egregious ass of a medical student got two cases mixed; a thousand pardons, lad!"

The doctor's tone augured ill for somebody to-morrow. Stupidity in a hospital is more unforgivable than any place in the world.

But a rather spent Loris only murmured "Thank God!"

Worn as he was, Loris bounded down the corridor into his mother's room. Through all his adventures, his disabled right arm had still held the lilies.

Now he knelt by his mother's bed, laid them by her side, kissing her hand, murmuring: "See, I brought you my flowers from the theatre to-night."

Half an hour later, his arm dressed, it proving only a rather ugly flesh wound, he joined the faithful Muggsy in the waiting car.

After Muggsy had been thoroughly assured of the happy termination to the night's happenings, he asked quizzically: "And now, what next?"

Loris for the moment lapsed into just "boy," and confessed that he was furiously hungry.

Muggsy, the resourceful, eyed the "velvet panties" ruefully for a moment, then suggested: "Say, you can't blow into a food shop in them very glad rags, but me mother is the best old scout going, and she most always keeps some stuff waiting for me; we can empty a delicatessen of its pick, and go to my joint, if yer don't mind——"

"Don't mind one bit, if I can only find some real eats," replied Loris.

"But where can we leave the gas wagon?"

"Oh, I know the garage where Briscoe keeps it, and they can probably lend me a coat to cover these actor's overalls." And Loris grinned gleefully at his own little joke.

Oh, the blessed relief of the feeblest joke after a danger averted or an agony mercifully turned aside.

The garage visited, then it was the night grocer's turn, as Muggsy called the rotund, sleepy looking individual who gradually woke up at the Gargantuan quantity of their order.

Soubrettes have a great reputation for appetite, but a stage boy can put it all over any other normal mortal known to captivity, and we all know what a street boy might be counted on to do if free to follow all and any impulse in the eating line when suddenly released from the usual limit of expense, for Loris insisted on being host to that extent, and rightfully, too, as became a plutocratic young star.

Pickled fish with strange savors, sausages, lobster salad, canned tamales, cream chese, fruits in prodigal abundance, a dark Christmassy looking cake were a few of the items the boys carried to the humble home of Muggsy.

There was a riot of feasting, and two tired boys leaned back in their chairs presently, when suddenly Loris jumped up exclaiming "Cæsar! what became of that girl in the alley? So much happened, I clean forgot about her. Gee whiz, that was pretty low down of me."

Frowning, he bit his lip in his momentary vexation.

"Well, cull, me friend Detective Marvin says no one should ever accuse any bloke of doing things, unless we've seen blood on his gills, so to speak. But, early tomorrow this red headed guy Muggsy, yours truly, is going to start on all four feet to round up the murderer of poor li'l Mame Fealy, and I got a hunch just about where to start lookin'. Marvin, ye get me?"

It was needless for Loris and Muggsy to get beyond Detective Marvin's office next day for that astute officer told him:

"Oh, we nailed the murderer of Mame Fealy when we picked up Pembroke on the stage last night."

"The actor?" muttered Loris in surprise.

"He was Mame's fiancé, and she was foolish enough to arouse his jealousy by meeting a stage door Johnnie and going for a champagne supper. When Pembroke learned the facts, he began drinking like a fish. The booze went to his brain. He waylaid his affinity and killed her. Her infidelity seemed to craze him and set him against all women kind, if we may judge by his unprovoked attack on the Princess Flavia, in your show."

Of course Val Pembroke got his just deserts after that, and Briscoe had to fill in with a new heavy. And as Muggsy happened to be looking for a job they engaged him as call boy, and he is working for them yet.

WHAT MAKES THE STARS TWINKLE?

THIS is an article that will surprise you.

I might tell you, to show you how clever I am, that stars do not twinkle at all, and leave you with that for an answer. But since they really do seem to twinkle, and that is what causes your question, I will tell you. As we have already learned in our talks about the stars and the sky in general, the stars are suns which are constantly throwing off light, just as our sun gives us light, and when this light strikes the air which surrounds the earth it meets many objects—little particles of dust and other things always floating about in it. The light comes to us in the form of rays from the stars and some of these rays strike particles of various kinds in the air and are thus interfered with. If you are looking at a lighted window some distance away and there are a lot of boys and girls or men and women running past the window, one after the other, rapidly, it will make the light in the window appear to twinkle. The twinkling is due—to the interference which the rays of light encounter while traveling toward the eye.—"Book of Wonders."

WHY LEAD IS HEAVY

LEAD is a metal noted for its softness and durability. It has a luster when freshly cut, but becomes dull quite soon after the freshly-cut surface is exposed to the air. Lead is the softest metal in general use. It can be cut with an ordinary knife. It can be rolled out into thin sheets but cannot be drawn out into wire.

Lead is a very dense metal, that is, its particles are very compact and there is no room for air to circulate in between these particles. A piece of wood is lighter than a piece of lead of exactly equal bulk because the little particles which make up the piece of wood are not very close together and there is a lot of air in the ordinary piece of wood, while this is not true of the lead.

A great deal of lead is used in making pipes for plumbing. This is because lead pipe is comparatively cheap, although you might not think so when you think of the general conclusions we have been brought to form about plumbers and everything connected with them. Lead pipe is easily bent in any direction also and is particularly good for use in plumbing for that reason.

As old metal it is always valuable.

Another wide use of lead is in making paints—white lead being the base used in making oil paints. The process of making white lead for paint is quite interesting and pictures of it are shown in "The Story of a Can of Paint" in "The Book of Wonders."

THE SCARLET SEAL

By MARY D. HART

A CASE which presented some novel features, was placed in Barton's hands about two years ago. He was a well-known detective.

A young variety actress had been persecuted by anonymous communications of a black-mailing nature, and she had sent for Barton to unravel the mystery and bring the offender to justice.

The young lady, Miss Cora Candice, was an uncommonly handsome brunette, of a vivacious countenance and a magnificent figure.

She was quite popular in vaudeville roles, and commanded an unusually large salary; but money, however, did not appear to be the prime object of the mysterious and threatening letters.

It had begun with little notes of admiration asking interviews; and these she had of course ignored. Then, the epistles had become more lengthy, the writer hinting that he had in his possession certain information which it would be to her interest to know, and demanding that she meet him as he appointed. Finally, as she disregarded these demands, her unknown persecutor had declared that he held the most damaging evidence against her, and that he would only suppress it for a consideration—naming a large amount!

There was no signature whatever to any one of these extraordinary lettets, the last of which was insolent and menacing to the most audacious degree. The paper and envelope invariably used were of the ordinary square, cream-laid quality; the penmanship was coarse and rude.

The only things particularly noticeable about the letters was the manner of sealing. In each instance a round, flat seal of scarlet wax was pressed upon the point of the envelope flap, and bore the singular impression of a skull and cross bones.

"You have no suspicion as to who the writer might be?" the detective asked her.

She answered that she had not the slightest. The whole affair was an entire mystery; if he were not detected she feared something worse than mere annoyance would be attempted; in fact, she was terrified, and believed her life to be in danger.

Tom Barton assured her he would do all in his power to track her unknown persecutor, and so left her.

He felt pretty fairly certain that the remarkable scarlet seal was a clue which, sooner or later, would be the means of identifying him.

From the size of the sinister impression Barton judged it had been made from an intaglio stone worn probably in a ring.

And the wearer he did not doubt he should eventually discover loitering about the theatre where she was playing.

A professional matter of a previous arrangement prevented him from pursuing his investigations in the direction of the theatre that same evening. And early the next morning he was surprised by an urgent summons from the house where the young actress was stopping. Barton started at once, and upon arrival learned that Miss Candice had been the victim of as daring a robbery as has ever been perpetrated.

Immediately after her departure for the theatre on the evening before, a supposed expressman had called for her trunks.

He stated that she had secured another boarding-house, and produced a note purporting to be from her, to the same effect.

As her week had expired, and as she had mentioned an intention of making such a change, no suspicion was excited and her trunks were transferred to the custody of the man bearing the note. Upon her return a scene of confusion naturally ensued. She knew nothing of the man nor the note, and had authorized nobody to remove her baggage.

But the strangest and most audacious part of the robbery was yet to come. Of course it was too late to do much that night in the way of overtaking the daring thief, and the inmates of the house retired.

In the morning Miss Candice did not respond to the breakfast bell; all calling and rapping had failed to elicit from her the slightest answer.

The door was forced open and she was found lying stupefied upon the bed, and her room was filled with the faint odor of some anesthetic.

The chamber had been entered from the rear window which was only about fifteen feet from the ground, and the burglar beyond a doubt had retreated the same way, and so through a door of the garden wall into an adjoining alley.

He had taken with him a satchel which contained a valuable set of genuine diamonds and other jewels; also her watch, purse, and a rich seal cloak. Unless her property could be recovered, the unfortunate actress would be without money or wardrobe. She was seriously ill from the effects of the drug, and half distracted over her losses. Her dread of her anonymous persecutor had quite passed from her mind in the grave trouble which had befallen her. She was sick, penniless; she would be compelled to cancel her engagements.

"The thief cannot hope to escape apprehension; I think we shall be able to recover most of your property," Barton told her.

He questioned them as to the appearance of the man who brought the note.

He was a young fellow, neither tall nor short, stout nor thin. But they had observed that his clothing was of good material and scrupulously neat; and his countenance struck them as being the reverse of shrewd. His assistant was a big muscular man whose features were concealed by a battered slouch hat, and who wore a soiled brown checked jumper. The wagon was a long, light, open vehicle, drawn by a single gray horse. The detective traced the wagon easily for a certain distance.

A patrolman on his beat a few block away had remembered noticing the wagon, and he had recognized the man of the scrupulously neat appearance.

The young fellow was known as Mooney Marks. He was the son of a moderately well-to-do family; he oc-

cupied himself chiefly in sauntering around town, and his associates were of anything but the best.

He was regarded as a harmless kind of a youth, good-natured and rather simple-minded; and had never been accused of any really evil-doing.

Barton had no difficulty in finding him; but if his version of his connection with the matter was true, the mystery was only deepened. According to his story the big muscular man was responsible for the whole affair. Mooney claimed he had never seen the fellow before that night. The man had hailed him as he was passing and asked him to kindly assist with the removal of the trunks.

"The "guv" had just refused me a V. and I hadn't a dime left," he said. "The guy tossed me a bill and asked me to give him a lift. I took the note in while he was fixing the wagon. Everything appeared square enough; if there is something crooked I don't know anything about it."

A few blocks from the house the man had dismissed him. Whither the property had been removed he claimed he did not know. But whether he knew or not, the officer felt obliged to take Mooney into custody.

Whether he were guilty or not he had not afforded the slightest clue to the identity of the man in the check jumper, nor to the place where the stolen property might have been conveyed.

"I think I've got the note yet," Mooney suddenly remarked as he was walking to the police station.

He fumbled for a moment through his pockets, and presently drew forth a crumbled folded paper. The central office man could scarcely repress an exclamation as his eyes fell upon it. The penmanship, partially disguised by smaller characters, was, even to an untrained eye, exactly that of the threatening letters sent to the actress. To penetrate the mystery of the scarlet seal would be to find the thief.

But the days and weeks passed, and Barton was forced to admit that he had not struck the trail.

In the meantime Mooney remained in prison, and there he would have been to this day without doubt, but for an accidental discovery.

Miss Candice had given up all hopes of ever recovering her property, and she was thinking seriously about leaving the city.

A young gentleman to whom she was betrothed had arrived from Boston: he had a sister residing in Havana; Miss Candice was to sail thither by the first steamer; her lover was to follow by the next, when their marriage was to be consummated. The detective had not the slightest intention of discontinuing his investigations. He knew that sooner or later the daring crook must necessarily be unearthed. He wished to see Miss Candice again before her departure, but reached her boarding-house to learn that she had just been driven down to the steamer.

He followed her at once, and reached the wharf at the moment she and her lover alighted from their carriage.

As he stepped forward, a large man pushed through the crowd, elbowed his way past Barton, and thrust himself before them.

"Perhaps this young woman will settle a few bills I hold before she leaves the city," he began roughly, as he exhibited some kind of a legal-looking paper.

He was an individual of a most forbidding aspect, swarthy as a Moor, with a bristling shock of jet black hair. And at the instant his black eyes blazed savagely beneath his beetle brows.

The actress started back, and with a little scream of terror clung tightly to the arm of her fiancé.

That young gentleman was prompt to resent what he regarded as an indignity.

"What do you mean by frightening a lady!" he flashed, dealing an indignant blow which sent the forbidding individual reeling backward. "You have mistaken the person."

"If I have mistaken the person, I shall not be mistaken in paying for this insult," the man almost yelled as he squared himself for a fight.

As he made ready for a rush upon the companion of the terrified actress, he had involuntarily thrust the legal-looking paper into an inner pocket.

In doing so he dislodged some object which fluttered down almost to Barton's feet.

The detective uttered an ejaculation of astonishment as he picked it up.

It was a letter addressed in the anonymous penmanship to Miss Cora Candice, and the envelope flap was fastened with the sinster scarlet seal.

In an instant Barton collared him, and had the muzzle of his revolver before his eyes.

But he was not captured without a desperate struggle.

Twice he broke away swinging his fists right and left like sledge-hammers, as he lunged through the crowd on the pier, and of course Barton dared not use his revolver in so crowded a space.

He was like a wild bull at bay.

But finally somebody tripped him scientifically among the throng and he fell heavily, striking with terrible violence upon a pile of chains.

Miss Candice did not leave for Havana that day. Her presence was essential in the charge Barton made against his prisoner.

Realizing that he was trapped and could expect no leniency, he made a sullen confession.

He was an ex-convict from some foreign prison and had conceived a mad passion for the young actress, and when she ignored his first billets of admiration, he had pursued her with the savage persistence of a passion stung by jealousy and revenge.

He had robbed her, partly because he was in a strait for money, and thought the robbery could be accomplished without detection, and partly because he hoped somehow to get her into his power.

When he learned she was on the eve of departure and marriage, he had trumped up a charge of some kind, which he hoped might detain her until he could menace or persuade her to listen to his confession of love.

The man was not mad, but he was certainly a monomaniac on one subject—and that subject was the fascinating Cora Candice!

She recovered the most of her property, and was shortly afterward married to her sweetheart.

The persecutor ended his own worthless life in his cell before he was brought to trial and Mooney Marks was honorably released.

His gratification at the termination of the remarkable case was scarcely greater than Barton's.

Almost from the first he had thought him innocent, and feared he was doomed to suffer the penalty of another's guilt—as he very likely would have done but for the clue of the scarlet seal!

THE SCIENCE OF FORTUNE-TELLING

PART SIX

UNLUCKY DAYS

Males born on them will generally prove unfortunate

January, 3, 4,; February, 6, 7, 12, 13, 19, 20; March, 5, 6, 12, 13; May, 12, 13, 20, 21, 26, 27; June, 1, 2, 9, 10, 16, 17, 22, 23, 24; July, 3, 4, 10, 11, 16, 17, 18; October, 3, 4, 9, 10, 11, 16, 17, 31; November, 1, 3.

Almost all persons (being of the male sex) that are born on the days included in the foregoing table, will, in a greater or less degree suffer, not only by pecuniary embarrassment and losses of property, but will also experience great distress and anxiety of mind, much dissatisfaction, dissension, and unhappiness in their family affairs, much dissatisfaction to each other among the married ones (indeed few of them can ever be happy in the married state), trouble about their children, daughters forming unfortunate attachments, and a variety of untoward events of other descriptions which our limits do not allow us to particularize. The influence of these days are of a quality and tendency calculated to excite in the minds of persons born on them, an extraordinary itch for speculation, to make changes in their affairs, commence new undertakings of various kinds, but all of them will tend nearly to one point—loss of property and pecuniary embarrassments. Such persons who embark their capital on credit in new concerns or engagements, will be likely to receive checks or interruptions to the progress of their schemes or undertakings. Those who enter into engagements intended to be permanent, whether purchases, leases, partnerships, or in short any other speculation of a description which cannot readily be transferred or got rid of will dearly repent their bargains.

They will find their affairs from time to time much interrupted and agitated, and experience many disappointments in money matters, trouble through bills, and have need of all their activity and address to prop their declining credit; indeed almost all engagements and affairs that are entered upon by persons born on any of these days will receive some sort of check or obstruction. The greater number of those persons born on those days will be subject to weakness or sprains in the knees and ankles, also diseases and hurts in the legs.

UNLUCKY DAYS

Females born on them will generally prove unfortunate

January, 5, 6, 13, 14, 20, and 21; February, 2, 3, 9, 10, 16, 17, 22, and 28; March, 1, 2, 8, 9, 16, 17, 28, and 29; April, 24, and 25; May, 1, 2, 9, 17, 22, 29, and 30; June, 5, 6, 12, 13, 18, and 19; July, 3, and 4; September, 9, and 16; October, 20, and 27; November, 9, 10, 21, 29, and 30; December, 6, 14, and 21.

We particularly advise all females born on these days to be extremely cautious of placing their affections too hastily, as they will be subject to disappointments and vexations in that respect; it will be better for them (in those matters) to be guided by the advice of their friends, rather than by their own feelings, they will be less fortunate in placing their affections, than in any other action of their lives, as many of these marriages will terminate in separations, divorces, etc. Their courtships will end in elopements, seductions, and other ways not necessary of explanation. Our readers must be well aware that affairs of importance begun at inauspicious times, by those who have been born at those periods when the stars shed their malign influence, can seldom, if ever, lead to much good; it is, therefore, that we endeavor to lay before them a correct statement drawn from accurate astrological information, in order that by strict attention and care, they may avoid falling into those perplexing labyrinths from which nothing but that care and attention can save them. The list of days we have above given, will be productive of hasty and clandestine marriages—marriages under untoward circumstances, perplexing attachments, and as a natural consequence, the displeasure of friends, together with family broils, dissensions, and divisions. We now present our readers with a

LIST OF DAYS

USUALLY CONSIDERED FORTUNATE

With respect to Courtship, Marriage, and Love affairs in general.—Females that were born on the following days may expect Courtships and prospects of Marriage, and which will have a happy termination.

January, 1, 2, 15, 26, 27, 28; February, 11, 21, 25, 26; March, 10, 24; April, 6, 15, 16, 20, 28; May, 3, 13, 18, 31; June, 10, 11, 15, 22, 25; July, 9, 14, 15, 28; August, 6, 7, 10, 11, 19, 20, 25; September, 4, 8, 9, 17, 18, 23; October, 3, 7, 16, 21, 22; November, 5, 14, 20; December, 14, 15, 19, 20, 22, 23, 25.

Although the greater number, or indeed nearly all the ladies that are born on the days stated in the preceding list, will be likely to meet with a prospect of marriage, or become engaged in some love affair of more than ordinary importance, yet it must not be expected that the result will be the same with all of them; with some they will terminate in marriage—with others in disappointment—and some of them will be in danger of forming attachments that may prove of a somewhat troublesome description. We shall, therefore, in order to enable our readers to distinguish them, give a comprehensive and useful list, showing which of them will be most likely to marry.

Those born within the limits of the succeeding List of Hours, on any of the preceding days, will be the most likely to marry—or will, at least, have Courtships that will be likely to have a happy termination.

FORTUNATE HOURS

January 2d. From 30 minutes past 10 till 15 minutes past 11 in the morning; and from 15 minutes before 9 till 15 minutes before 11 at night.

15th. From 30 minutes past 9 till 15 minutes past 10 in the morning; and from 30 minutes past 7 till 15 minutes past 11 at night.

26th. From 30 minutes past 8 till 15 minutes past 9 in the morning; and from 7 till 5 minutes past 10 at night.

February 11th and 12th. From 30 minutes past 7 till 15 minutes past 8 in the morning; and from 15 minutes past 6 till 15 minutes before 9 at night.

21st. From 7 till 15 minutes before 8 in the morning; and from 15 minutes past 5 till 15 minutes before 8 at night.

25th and 26th. From 15 minutes before 7 till 30 minutes past 7 in the morning; and from 15 minutes before 5 till 30 minutes past 7 in the evening.

March 10th. From 5 till 15 minutes before 6 in the morning; and from 4 in the afternoon till 15 minutes before 7 in the evening.

April 6th. From 15 minutes past 4 till 5 in the morning; and from 30 minutes past 2 till 15 minutes past 5 in the afternoon.

20th. From 30 minutes past 3 till 15 minutes past 4 in the morning; and from 30 minutes past 1 till 15 minutes past 4 in the afternoon.

May 3d. From 15 minutes before 3 till 30 minutes past 3 in the morning; and from 15 minutes before 1 till 30 minutes past 3 in the afternoon.

13th. From 2 till 15 minutes before 3 in the morning; and from 12 at noon till 15 minutes before 3 in the afternoon.

18th. From 15 minutes before 1 till 30 minutes past 2 in the morning; and from 15 minutes before 12 at noon till 30 minutes past 2 in the afternoon.

31st. From 15 minutes before 1 till 30 minutes past 1 in the morning; and from 15 minutes past 10 in the morning till 15 minutes before 1 in the afternoon.

June 10th and 11th. From 15 minutes past 10 till 1 in the afternoon; and from 12 at night till 1 in the morning.

15th. From 10 in the morning till 2 in the afternoon; and from 15 minutes before 12 at night till 15 minutes before 1 in the morning.

25th. From 15 minutes past 9 in the morning till 12 at noon; and from 11 to 12 at night.

29th. From 9 in the morning till 15 minutes before 12 at noon; and from 15 minutes before 11 till 15 minutes before 12 at night.

July 9th. From 15 minutes past 8 till 11 in the morning; and from 10 till 11 at night.

14th and 15th. From 8 till 11 in the morning; and from 10 till 11 at night.

28th. From 7 till 10 in the morning; and from 9 till 10 at night.

August 6th and 7th. From 30 minutes past 6 till 15 minutes past 9 in the morning; and from 15 minutes past 8 till 15 minutes past 9 at night.

10th and 11th. From 15 minutes past 6 till 9 in the morning; and from 8 till 9 in the evening.

19th and 20th. From 30 minutes past 5 till 30 minutes past 8 in the morning; and from 30 minutes past 7 till 30 minutes past 8 in the evening.

25th. From 15 minutes past 5 till 8 in the morning; and from 7 till 8 in the evening.

September 4th. From 15 minutes before 5 till 30 minutes past 7 in the morning; and from 30 minutes past 6 till 30 minutes past 7 in the evening.

8th and 9th. From 30 minutes past 4 till 15 minutes past 7 in the morning; and from 15 minutes past 6 till 15 minutes past 7 in the evening.

17th and 18th. From 5 till 15 minutes before 5 in the morning; and from 15 minutes before 6 till 15 minutes before 7 in the evening.

23d. From 30 minutes past 3 till 30 minutes past 5 in the morning; and from 30 minutes past 5 till 30 minutes past 6 in the evening.

October 3d. From 3 till 15 minutes before 6 in the morning; and from 15 minutes past 4 till 15 minutes past 5 in the afternoon.

7th. From 15 minutes before 3 till 30 minutes past 5 in the morning; and from 30 minutes past 4 till 30 minutes past 5 in the afternoon.

16th. From 2 till 5 in the morning; and from 4 till 5 in the afternoon.

21st and 22d. From 15 minutes before 2 till 30 minutes past 4 in the morning; and from 30 minutes past 3 till 15 minutes past 4 in the afternoon.

November 5th. From 1 till 15 minutes before 4 in the morning; and from 15 minutes before 3 till 15 minutes before 4 in the afternoon.

14th. From 15 minutes past 12 till 3 in the morning; and from 2 till 3 in the afternoon.

20th. From 15 minutes before 12 till 15 minutes past 2 in the morning; and from 15 minutes past 1 till 2 in the afternoon.

December 14th and 15th. From 10 till 30 minutes past 12 in the morning; and from 12 at noon till 15 minutes before 1 in the afternoon.

18th and 19th. From 15 minutes before 10 at night till 15 minutes past 5 in the morning; and from 30 minutes past 11 till 15 minutes past 12 at night.

January 3d. From 30 minutes past 10 till 15 minutes past 11 in the morning; and from 15 minutes before 9 till 15 minutes past 11 at night.

12th and 13th. From 15 minutes past 9 till 10 in the morning, and from 15 minutes before 8 till 30 minutes past 10 at night.

18th. From 9 till 15 minutes before 10 in the morning; and from 15 minutes past 7 till 10 at night.

27th. From 9 till 15 minutes before 10 in the morning; and from 7 till 15 minutes before 10 at night.

February 1st. From 8 till 30 minutes past 8 in the morning, and from 6 till 30 minutes past 8 in the evening.

11th and 12th. From 15 minutes before 8 till 30 minutes past 8 in the morning; and from 15 minutes before 6 till 30 minutes past 8 in the evening.

17th. From 7 till 15 minutes before 8 in the morning; and from 15 minutes past 5 till 8 in the evening.

March 1st. From 30 minutes past 6 till 15 minutes past 7 in the morning; and from 30 minutes past 4 till 15 minutes past 7 in the evening.

16th and 17th. From 30 minutes past 5 till 15 minutes past 6 in the morning; and from 15 minutes before 4 till 30 minutes past 6 in the evening.

19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, and 25th. From 30 minutes past 5 till 30 minutes past 6 in the morning; and from 30 minutes past 3 till 15 minutes past 6 in the evening.

26th, 27th, 28th, and 30th. From 15 minutes past 5 till 15 minutes before 6 in the morning; and from 15 minutes past 3 till 6 in the evening.

April 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th. From 30 minutes past 4 till 30 minutes past 5 in the morning; and from 30 minutes past 2 till 5 in the afternoon.

10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th. From 15 minutes before 4 till 15 minutes before 5 in the morning; and from 2 till 30 minutes past 4 in the afternoon.

19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, and 23d. From 30 minutes past 4 in the morning; and from 15 minutes before 2 till 30 minutes past 4 in the afternoon.

25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th. From 3 till 4 in the morning; and from 15 minutes past 1 till 15 minutes before 4 in the afternoon.

May 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th. From 15 minutes past 2 till 15 minutes past 3 in the morning; and from 30 minutes past 12 at noon till 15 minutes past 3 in the afternoon.

9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th. From 2 till 3 in the morning; and from 15 minutes past 12 at noon till 3 in the afternoon.

16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22d. From 15 minutes before 2 till 15 minutes before 3 in the morning; and from 12 at noon till 15 minutes before 3 in the afternoon.

23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th. From 15 minutes past 1 till 15 minutes past 2 in the morning; and from 30 minutes past 11 in the forenoon till 15 minutes past 2 in the afternoon.

June 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th. From 15 minutes past 10 in the morning till 1 in the afternoon; and from 15 minutes past 12 at night till 15 minutes past 1 the next morning.

11th. From 15 minutes past 10 in the morning till 15 minutes before 1 in the afternoon; and from 12 at night till 1 the next morning.

20th. From 30 minutes past 9 in the morning till 12 at noon; and from 11 till 12 at night.

25th. From 15 minutes past 9 in the morning till 15 minutes past 12 at noon, and from 11 till 12 at night.

July 5th. From 15 minutes before 8 till 15 minutes past 10 in the morning; and from 15 minutes before 10 till 15 minutes before 11 at night.

9th. From 15 minutes past 8 till 11 in the morning; and from 15 minutes past 10 till 11 at night.

(*Continued on Page* 25.)

THE MYSTERY OF HYPNOTISM

By LEO HUGO KOCH, A.C.S.

PART SIX

A FEW HINTS TO BE OBSERVED BY THE STUDENT OF HYPNOTISM

1. DO not expect to hypnotize everybody you try, because you will be sure to meet with some failures. The greatest hypnotists do!

2. Only try to hypnotize those persons whom you think you can influence. You will have a confidence in yourself that begets confidence in your subject and helps you to succeed.

3. The subject or hypnotized person is always responsible for his actions. He will probably tell you on awakening that he knew quite well what he was doing, and that the things you asked him to believe were not real, but that he could not resist your influence.

4. Sometimes when a person has been under hypnotic influence they will not own up to the fact afterward. They feel ashamed, as it were.

5. The subject's moral instinct and resistance is quite as strong in the hypnotic as in the waking state, and he will not accept a suggestion or a post-hypnotic suggestion which would conflict with his natural principles or the instinct of self-preservation. For instance, if a paper dagger is placed in his hand and he is told to go and stab some one with it he will do as he is told without any sign of resistance; but, on the other hand, substitute a real dagger for the paper one and give him the same suggestion, and he will absolutely refuse to obey you and probably wake up. In other words, his moral resistance is stronger than your hypnotic influence. But given a naturally inclined thief, and under hypnotic influence give him a suggestion to steal, and he will probably obey you without hesitation, as it is in his nature to steal.

6. The subject must first be induced to submit to be hypnotized; he cannot be influenced against his will. Therefore he really hypnotizes himself, you only aid him by suggestion, etc., and he is led to believe that it is really your power over him that produces hypnosis.

7. A subject has often been known to break the hypnotic sleep, and, in defiance of the operator's suggestions, return to the state of normal consciousness. This usually and almost invariably occurs when a subject is given two suggestions to carry out at one time; the subjective mind can only obey one suggestion at a time, and each suggestion should be removed before giving another. The subject is never wholly unconscious, the "subjective mind" is always on the alert.

8. As a rule the suggestions which can be most readily made to take root in the "subjective mind" are those which are liable to be of some beneficial use to the subject. For instance, if the subject has some ailment or habit that he wishes to be rid of, he is more likely to readily accept a suggestion for the eradication of such than to eat a raw potato under the suggestion that it is an apple.

9. When hypnotizing a person before a number of people, always keep your audience at a respectable distance or you will have some skeptical persons taking undue liberty with your subject and perhaps interfere with the hypnosis.

10. Before starting to give an hypnotic exhibition, always try and impress upon your subjects not to be afraid or alarmed in the least, and convince them thoroughly that there is no harm in allowing themselves to be hypnotized. Whenever possible, and you have a good subject who has previously been under the influence, hypnotize him first before trying the others, in order to establish confidence in them and show them that there is no harm or danger in the process.

11. Never try to put a new subject into a deep sleep at the first sitting. Try him first with the "locking the hands" and "drawing backward and forward" tests, or closing the eyes, or stiffening the legs, arms, etc.

12. Should you on the first trial fail to hypnotize a subject never get confused or bothered about it; on the other hand, impress upon the subject that the fault lies with himself and not with you, and tell him that you were only trying him to see if he would concentrate his mind. Endeavor to keep always cool, calm and collected, no matter whether you are successful or not.

13. Never boast of your power to hypnotize before the subject, as this will probably only tend to make him try to resist you. You want to win his confidence and not to make him afraid of you.

14. When suggesting sleep to a subject a good method is to tell him to take a deep breath, and each time that he inhales or exhales, press your hand gently over his diaphragm or chest and keep time to his breathing movements. Passes made in a circular form over the heart region frequently assist also in producing the hypnotic sleep. The proper hypnotic touch should be very slight and almost imperceptible. It will come with practice.

15. Never attempt any foolish or dangerous tricks with your subject, nor anything you think would be distasteful to him in his waking state. Remember that you have a human being under your control and you will be held responsible for any harm that may befall him while in a hypnotic condition. If you are performing the cataleptic test always see to it yourself that the chairs or other supports are perfectly safe before placing the subject's body upon them. If chairs are used the seats should be turned inward, which will prevent them from giving way under the heavy weight they will probably have to bear.

16. There is one thing above all others I would like to impress upon the student of Hypnotism: In all your experiments and dealings with your subjects be SERIOUS.

When you are speaking to the subject or giving a suggestion, do not do so in a half-hearted kind of way, but let him see by your manner and mode of speech that you understand and believe what you are talking about.

You will notice that when you are endeavoring to hypnotize your subject and bring him under your influence that the slightest tendency to smile is invariably imitated by him; but, on the other hand, if you look and feel serious yourself the subject will usually follow your example.

Let your commands or suggestions always be given in a clear, distinct and firm tone of voice, but not too loud; and always keep your eyes fixed firmly upon those of the subject by looking at him directly between the eyebrows and the root of the nose.

SOME USEFUL EXTRACTS FROM NOTED HYPNOTISTS, ETC.

To define Hypnotism as induced sleep is to give too narrow a meaning to the term; to overlook the many phenomena which suggestion can bring about without actual sleep. I define Hypnotism as the indication of a peculiar psychical condition which increases the susceptibility to suggestion. It is true that sleep facilitates suggestion, but it is not, of necessity, preliminary. It is suggestion that rules Hypnotism.—(Dr. H. Bernheim).

Mesmerism.—This includes all the systems of healing, founded on the supposition that there exists in man a fluid which can be projected on another, at the will of the operator, with the effect of healing disease by the therapeutic action of the fluid upon the diseased organism.—(Dr. Thomas J. Hudson).

A person who is easily hypnotized can be hypnotized by any one; but one who is hypnotized with difficulty can only be thrown into hypnosis by a good and experienced operator.—(Dr. Albert Moll).

Perseverance—There are operators who maintain that everybody is hypnotizable if only the attempt is continused long enough. Without declaring this view to be false, I may remark that I have made forty or more attempts with some persons without obtaining hypnosis. Perhaps by even longer continued efforts a result would have been attained, as indeed has happened to me many times, after forty vain attempts.—(Dr. A. Moll).

Suggestion.—In treating one's self or others by suggestive theraputics, the oral suggestion is nearly always most effective. It is best to combine the different forms of suggestion in giving treatment. Let your physical sugestions (those that reach the mind through either of the five physical senses) be accompanied by the silent thought suggestion, at the same time making as much as possible of the patient's auto-suggestion.—(Dr. Robert Sheerin).

Hypnotism in Surgery.—I have hypnotized forty-two persons for minor and major surgical operations. Six obstetrical cases are to be added to the list, making a total of forty-eight. Every one of these patients was hypnotized more than once, before a surgical operation was attempted. Six of them were major or capital operations, exclusive of the obstetrical cases. This leaves thirty-six of my cases which were only minor operations. Four of these thirty-six, while there was no danger in the operation performed upon them, would have suffered severely had it not been for the deep, hypnotic trance.—(Dr. J. R. Cocke).

An Ancient Hypnotist.—"Certain wise physicians, even among the ancients, were aware how beneficial to the blood it is to make slight frictions with the hands over the body. It is believed by many experienced doctors that the heat which oozes out of the hand, on being applied to the sick, is highly salutary and assuaging. The remedy has been found to be applicable to sudden as well as to habitual pains, and various species of debility, being both enervating and strengthening in its effects."—(Hippocrates).

Extract from a Lecture before the Medical Society of New York.—I have frequently dispersed boils, and in one case a large carbuncle, situated in the popliteal space, and which had progressed well toward suppuration, by holding the hands upon them and using very gentle manipulation. In one instance, where a patient had submitted to a surgical operation for the removal of a duplicate thumb and was suffering intense pain, I succeeded in entirely relieving the pain for six or eight hours by slowly passing my hand, without contact, two or three times from the thumb toward the elbow.—(Dr. Heming).

The Condition Cannot Be Induced Against the Will of the Hypnotee.—(X. La Motte Sage, Ph.D., LL.D.).

Hypnotism has already been largely used as a remedial agent in many nervous disorders and doubtless has a much wider field of usefulness in the future.—(Rev. Principal Austin, B.A., D.D.).

(The End.)

THE SCIENCE OF FORTUNE-TELLING

(Continued From Page 23.)

19th. From 30 minutes past 7 till 10 in the morning; and from 15 minutes past 9 till 15 minutes past 10 at night.
24th. From 7 till 15 minutes before 10 in the morning; and from 9 till 10 at night.
August 2d and 3d. From 30 minutes past 6 till 15 minutes before 9 in the morning; and from 30 minutes past 8 till 30 minutes past 9 at night.
6th. From 15 minutes before 6 till 9 in the morning; and from 30 minutes past 7 till 30 minutes past 8 at night.
22d. From 15 minutes past 5 till 8 in the morning; and from 15 minutes past 7 till 15 minutes past 8 at night.
September 1st. From 4 till 15 minutes before 7 in the morning; and 6 till 7 in the evening.
5th. From 30 minutes past 4 till 15 minutes before 7 in the morning; and from 30 minutes past 6 till 30 minutes past 7 in the evening.
14th. From 15 minutes before 4 till 30 minutes past 6 in the morning; and from 30 minutes past 5 till 30 minutes past 6 in the evening.
29th. From 15 minutes before 3 till 30 minutes past 5 in the morning; and from 30 minutes past 4 till 30 minutes past 5 in the evening.
October 3d. From 3 till 15 minutes before 6 in the morning; and from 15 minutes before 5 till 15 minutes before 6 in the evening.
12th. From 15 minutes past 2 till 5 in the morning; and from 15 minutes before 4 till 30 minutes past 4 in the afternoon.
18th and 19th. From 30 minutes past 1 till 4 in the morning; and from 15 minutes before 3 till 30 minutes past 4 in the afternoon.
November 10th and 11th. From 30 minutes past 12 at night till 15 minutes past 3 in the morning; and from 30 minutes past 1 till 30 minutes past 2 in the afternoon.
15th and 16th. From 12 at night till 15 minutes before 3 in the morning; and from 15 minutes past 1 till 2 in the afternoon.
29th and 30th. From 15 minutes past 11 at night till 2 in the morning; and from 1 till 15 minutes before 2 in the afternoon.
December 8th and 9th. From 15 minutes past 10 at night till 1 in the morning; and from 30 minutes past 12 at noon till 30 minutes past 1 in the afternoon.
14th, 15th and 16th. From 10 at night till 15 minutes before 1 in the morning; and from 15 minutes before 12 to 30 minutes past 12 at noon.
23d and 24th. From 15 minutes past 11 till 12 at noon; and from 15 minutes past 9 till 12 at night.
28th. From 15 minutes past 10 till 11 in the morning; and from 9 till 15 minutes before 12 at night.

(To be Continued.)

CURRENT NEWS

GIRL DANCES ON FALSE FEET

Little Grace Riven, of Baltimore, Md., four years old, romps and plays, and even dances, the same as other children, although she lost her feet in a street car accident some time ago. Grace has artificial feet, and with her pluck and confidence she has learned to dance and to use the artificial feet almost as well as if they were natural.

FINDS STRANGE DUGOUT

J. L. Zurcher of near Crofton, Neb., discovered a house on his farm in a recent ramble over the place. It is of the cave-man type of building, being dug into a 40-foot bank of a creek which passes through the farm. On careful inspection he found a well built, well concealed cave, 6 x 4 x 6, nicely boarded inside with a slanting roof and boards for a door which were concealed by dirt. He found nothing that would indicate what the place was being used for.

NEW FISH DISCOVERED

The Prince of Monaco has discovered a new fish which lives at a depth of 20,000 feet under a pressure of 600 atmospheres. Although at such a depth there is practically no light, the Grimaldichtys Profundissimus, as this dweller of the depths has been christened, has rudimentary eyes. The fish was brought up during one of the prince's oceanographical cruises off the Cape Verde Islands. Two other species, not hitherto known, were caught in the same region at a depth of over 15,000 feet.

WOODEN SHOES WORN IN LONDON

Scarcity of leather is forcing London to turn to clogs as a substitute for shoes. Already the school children there are clattering daily to their studies in clogs at 73 cents a pair, say despatches to the Commerce Department. Poor children are permitted to purchase the footwear on a weekly instalment plan. The home demand for wooden shoes is so great that a British manufacturing concern has just declined an order for 100,000 pairs for the Belgium Government.

QUICKSILVER DEPOSITS IN ARIZONA

The present exceptional demand for quicksilver in the manufacture of fulminate gives the domestic deposits of this metal particular interest. Deposits recently discovered in the southern part of the Phoenix Mountains, ten miles northeast of Phoenix, Ariz., are described in a short paper prepared by F. C. Schrader, just published by the United States Geological Survey. The deposits are easy of access, and, being near the rich agricultural region of Salt River Valley, are otherwise favorably situated for mining. They are being exploited on six or more properties or groups of claims, which lie in a belt, about three miles wide.

LAYS BIG EGG

An egg weighing four ounces has been laid by a Chico, Cal., hen, according to H. A. Hicks, the owner of the hen. Hicks is displaying the egg to his friends, and it is declared to be one of the largest ever seen in this vicinity. It is six and one-half inches in length and eight inches in circumference.

BRITAIN TO KEEP WEST INDIES

The suggested sale of the British West Indies to the United States to help balance Great Britain's war debt has evoked little comment. The proposal is not supported in any responsible quarter, and unless the attitude of Premier Lloyd George has changed recently is certain to be received unfavorably by the Government.

Viscount Rothermere, brother of Lord Northcliffe, made such a suggestion a few weeks ago in a newspaper article. It is reported that Premier Lloyd George denounced to his intimates the proposition in vehement terms.

FISH GET DRUNK

Ordinarily there are no fish in Pinal Creek, Ariz., for it is usually dry below Globe. For months there has been water, however, and into this lately on a single day Sheriff Tom Armer dumped seventy-five barrels of wine that had been seized by Federal and county officers in the cellars of 115 foreign-born residents of Globe. From farther down the stream since there have come stories of finding intoxicated fish feebly flapping on the creek banks, and there has been suggestion that the matter of further pollution of the stream in this wise be referred to Attorney General Jones as a possible violation of the cruelty to animals statutes.

FARMERS SEEK 8,000 HANDS FOR SUMMER

Farmers of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut have asked the American Land Service of 32 West Forty-seventh street to provide 8,000 farm workers for the emergency period of the summer. The lettrs indicate a great shortage of farm labor and the danger of decreased production.

"The time seems near at hand," a farmer wrote from Chatham, N. Y., "when we farmers will have to curtail production and raise only what we need for our own use, letting the other fellows look out for themselves." Another wrote: "I almost fear a famine. Farm help everywhere is flocking to the cities, lured by short hours, high wages and the promise of a good time. Some one, I fear, is going to suffer if this condition is not remedied shortly."

The State Department of Agriculture estimates that about 35,000 men and boys have left the farms of this State for the cities, and that only 11,000 have changed from other industries to farming.

HUMMING BIRDS TAKE PLACE OF CANARIES

Humming birds are now replacing canaries as drawing room pets in fashionable Parisian homes. The movement started when Professor de Segur of the French Academy announced that after months of experiments he had succeeded in solving the problem of feeding the exquisite creatures that heretofore have invariably died in captivity.

During the past year he has kept alive a dozen humming birds with unsweetened condensed milk and patent baby foods as substitutes for the nectar of tropical flowers.

HOSE OF FIREMEN FED WITH BUTTERMILK

When Philip Ruplinger's house caught fire the other day the Volunteer Fire Department of Orleans, Neb., made great haste to save it and its contents. But when the firemen got ready for action they found they were further from the nearest water hydrant than could be reached by their hose.

Business of wringing hands followed. Then some one spied a farmer jogging along in their direction on a tank wagon that looked as though it might contain water. They held him up, but it was buttermilk. However, they hitched their hose to the tank and put out the fire with the buttermilk.

The farmer's hogs went without their accustomed "chaser" that evening. A movement is on in Orleans to erect a standpipe close to the creamery.

IGLOO HOME SUITS ESKIMO

The movements to modernize the Eskimo by providing him with concrete huts in place of his picturesque snow igloos, as suggested by an official of the United States bureau of fisheries, would be the death of the denizens of the icy North, in the opinion of Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the arctic explorer. Not only is the Eskimo devoted to his age-long habitation, as the South sea-islanders are to their traditional garb of flower garlands and fresh smiles, but he is far healthier, warmer and more comfortable in his domed mansion of snow blocks than he could be in any modern house of concrete.

The statement that the natives of the Pribilof islands were about to discard their snow huts for modern concrete huts, finding the gales of the Bering sea too strong for the former, upon which the story of the intended change of Eskimo habits was based, Mr. Stefansson characterized as too silly for discussion. The explorer, talking at his headquarters at the National Geographical society building at New York, said that the Pribilof islanders had never lived in snow huts, but in wooden huts, and that farther north, where the natives do live in snow houses, it would be next to impossible to convert them to any other dwelling.

"Their igloo serves as a home for two or three weeks," he said. "Then they build a new one. Because it is new it is clean and sanitary. It is as warm and comfortable as your library. A candle gives as much illumination as three electric lights, because of the intense whiteness of the snow. The snowhouse will stand under any conditions. In all, the igloo is as comfortable a home as a man could wish."

ORIGIN OF "TWO BITS"

To the Northern and Eastern people the term "two bits" may sound like a slang expression, but to the people of the West and Southwest it is a common, if not provincial one. The expression "a quarter" is seldom used there. It is invariably "two bits." It is, moreover, much easier to say "six bits" than "seventy-five cents."

Explanation of the origin of the term "bit" comes from the 'reference to the monetary system in 1792, when the Spanish milled dollar became the unit of money. At that time there happened to be coined under Spanish authority a piece of silver for Mexico representing the eighth part of a dollar called a "real," after the name of a coin in Spain, and with the same value as the early American shilling. Yankees used the shilling as a common expression, and some can remember when farmers in the Central and Eastern States employed their extra help at so many shillings a day. Six, eight, ten and twelve shillings was heard in all lines of trade.

When the "forty-niners" went to California and the Southwestern part of the United States they found that dos reales of the Mexican was the equivalent of two shillings in the United States. Later dos reales became common as a quarter. Americans have absorbed very few Mexican words. While the language is filled with German and French words few Spanish words are found. The Americans never learned to say "dos reales," but they may have Americanized that amount by saying "two bits." Hence it may be that "two bits" is of Southwestern and not Eastern origin.

CONVICT RETURNS TO PRISON

It is not often that when a convict has safely made his getaway and been absent in a distant State for two years he voluntarily returns and delivers himself to the prison authorities. That is what happened, however, when Aleck Thomas walked into the office of the prison commission and declared that he was an escaped Georgia convict who had returned to serve an eight year term in the penitentiary.

Investigation showed that he had been convicted of burglary in Polk county in March, 1918, assigned to the Habersham county gang and made his escape in July, 1918, three months after he had begun serving his sentence.

Thomas said that he had been living in Fort Worth, Texas, and had been working steadily as a painter, earning $1 an hour. The reason he assigned for voluntarily returning to his prison slavery was that he had a wife and three children in Cedartown and that he could not bear the idea of living away from them any longer. He was afraid to communicate with them in Texas because his letters might put the officers on his trail and lead to his apprehension.

He had accordingly come to Georgia to see them and while in Cedartown determined to give himself up to the authorities. He was accompanied to Atlanta by Will Trawick, a well-known Cedartown lawyer.

Commissioner Rainey gave Thomas his railroad fare to Milledgeville and sufficient money to cover his living expenses en route. He declared that he had not the slightest doubt that the man would go there and deliver himself to the penitentiary warden as directed.

TO TEAR DOWN HAUNTED HOUSE

Ghosts, spooks and spirits will have to find a new playground, for the famous haunted house at Hardon, near Pinneville, W. Va., is to be torn down. The place has been occupied for only short periods for more than twenty-five years, even though the owners offered it rent free. The few families that did occupy the house left in terror with tales of the mysterious walking of chairs and tables, door rappings, rattling of dishes and pans and the removal of covers from persons occupying beds.

TOILERS WITHOUT WAGES

Over in Hoboken, N. J., in a large surveying instrument factory, there is a colony of two hundred workmen who never receive wages, yet who are perfectly contented. They toil from early in the morning until late at night, and their only recompense is a house fly or two apiece during the day. They are spiders—large, black, energetic spiders—and they comprise probably the most indispensable part of the entire working force. It is their duty to spin the thread that is used for cross hairs in surveying instruments. During the two months of the year when they work they produce thousands of yards of the almost invisible but invaluable fibre.

This spider web is the only material that can be used successfully for cross hairs in surveyors' telescopes. Human hair has been tried, but when magnified by the powerful lenses it has the general appearance of a mammoth dirty glass pillar, for human hair is transparent, and it is altogether too large for this delicate purpose. Platinum wire, finely drawn, is the best substitute for spider web, but it is too brittle. Spider web is not only small and tough, it is also very elastic.

The spider colony works only during August and September. A strike among them may sound amusing to the reader, but it is really a serious matter. For the purpose of urging the little workmen to their tasks four girls, trained to expertness in their unusual duties, are employed; it is their task to coax the spiders to work whenever they show signs of reluctance.

Coaxing the spiders really means irritating them. The girl places one on her hand and pats or taps it until it jumps toward the ground, leaving one end of its thread behind. Before the spider can reach the ground the girl quickly attaches the thread to a wire whirling frame, which she revolves in her hands. As the spider struggles to reach the ground she continues to wind, and in that way sometimes gets several hundred feet of thread from a single spider.

The factory maintains a large cage for its spiders and feeds them on a succulent housefly. During the fall and early winter the spiders usually die, and so an entirely new colony must be recruited each spring. For selecting the spiders the company employs a number of boys, to whom it gives a course of instruction so they will know the right variety of spider to select.

ABOUT SPIDERS

Spiders are far more numerous than the average person would suppose; in this country alone, it is said, we possess about 550 species. Yet of these only two are really familiar to every one—the house spider, which is responsible for the thick sheetlike webs that fill up neglected corners of our house, and the garden spider whose wheel-like snare, dewladen in the early morning, is one of the most beautiful objects of the garden.

The eyes of the spider are simple, and may be two, four, six, or eight in number. We do not know much about the senses of spiders, but with regard to their eyesight certain broad statements may be safely made. In the hunting and jumping spiders, which make no web, but either run their prey to earth in open chase or else stalk it cautiously before springing, the sense of sight is well developed; their eyes are often large and brilliant and sometimes placed on little turrets or tubercles raised above the level of the cephalothorax, which gives them a wider range of vision. Sight is not highly developed in these sedentary creatures who rely on their snares for the capture of prey, and their eyes frequently show a dull glazed appearance and are small in size; but though their vision is not keen, their sense of touch is extremely fine.

As regards their intelligence opinions vary. One naturalist has succeeded in taming a few individuals but only by the expenditure of much patience and perseverance. A spider has no idea of the value of time, and the person who would secure their confidence must possess an almost unlimited stock of patience, otherwise it is simply waste of time to attempt the task. It is true that hunger may compel them to become tame (i. e., to accept insects that are offered them), if they are shut up without any natural supply of food, but when one leaves them free and only supplements their ordinary diet it takes a long time before they lose their suspiciousness. One naturalist tells of one occasion when sitting motionless for nearly three hours, holding a fly within tempting reach of a house spider, it was well nigh impossible to tempt the spider. The fly was almost touching her, but she was too wary a creature to seize a fly whose wings were held in a pair of pincers. Eventually the frantic kicks of the fly proved too much for her, and she gripped it fiercely in a death embrace.

The naturalist finally got her so tame that she would run out from her nest and take flies directly he dropped them into her web, or even accept them from the pincers. Nor would she trouble to retreat to her nest when, having sucked a fly dry, the naturalist removed its shriveled body from the snare, so little was she frightened. As the autumn advanced and flies became scarce, the naturalist thought he would try to feed on raw meat and thus save himself time and trouble. He took a piece of meat about the size of a fly's body and attached to it the legs, wings and head of a fly that he had previously killed and cut up for this purpose.

The experimenter was rather pleased with the effect of his sham insect, and dropped it on to the web with considerable confidence, he felt so sure of the success of his experiment. The spider, accustomed to true flies being offered her, ran out of her retreat at once, but stopped short at a distance of about an inch from the sham fly, wavered for one instant, and then returned to her nest. For three successive days the man continued to drop into her snare at frequent intervals these pieces of dressed up meat, but she was never again deceived into leaving her nest to investigate them at closer quarters. Whether she detected the fraud by sight or by smell he had no means of telling.

Experiment was made in the same manner with two other spiders of the same species, but they proved equally difficult to deceive, and, unfortunately the naturalist continued these experiments for so long, hoping that in time they would make up their minds to taste this new kind of prey, that they completely lost their trust in him, and would not afterward take the real flies he offered.

COMES BACK TO LIFE HOURS AFTER "DEATH"

Four hours after the attending physician had pronounced her dead, Mrs. Elizabeth Blake, aged seventy-two, of Coryville, O., a well known spiritualistic medium, startled relatives and friends by returning to life. She was weak, and is not expected to live twenty-four hours.

Mrs. Blake talked little, but she is quoted as having whispered that she had seen her husband, who died last November.

The aged spiritualist was stricken with pneumonia several days ago, and at noon the death pallor overspread the body, no sign of a heart beat could be detected, and rigor mortis set in. Relatives and friends flocked to the house, an undertaker was summoned and the newspapers were provided with an obituary.

Shortly after 4 o'clock in the afternoon persons in the room where the supposed corpse was lying experienced a shock upon seeing that the woman's eyes had opened and a pink tinge was suffusing her cheeks. Restorative measures were applied, and Mrs. Blake recognized those at the bedside.

Mrs. Blake has frequently declared that she first became aware of her spiritualistic powers when she was ten years old.

WIND CAVE

Wind Cave, National Park, in the Black Hills, about twelve miles from Hot Springs, is on the Deadwood-Denver scenic highway—the "Triangle D" road of the West.

Wind Cave enthusiasts claim that this cavern excels the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky in splendors and in extent. Half a dozen Government surveys have been made in the park, says the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. These and various private exploring expeditions that have been organized have accounted for some ninety-six miles of the recesses of Wind Cave, but there are hundreds of passage-ways that have never been explored. No one knows to what depths they lead, or how far under the Black Hills they may take the explorer. The average visitor to Wind Cave, National Park, travels from six to ten miles under ground and comes forth into daylight realizing that he had seen but a small fraction of this great cavern.

Wind Cave takes its name from the strong current of air which almost constantly surges in or out of the entrance. It is said that this led to the discovery of the cave in 1881.

Many explanations as to this mysterious rush of air at the entrance to Wind Cave have been advanced. Some have claimed that the rise and fall of mysterious lakes, many hundreds of feet under ground, where no exploring party has yet penetrated, are the cause of these air currents. A more generally accepted theory, however, is that the air pressure outside is the cause of it all. The cave is a huge barometer, responding to every change.

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Sneezing, hawking, spitting and coughing. Why do you have catarrh anyway? You were not born with catarrh—you contracted it. This offensive, unwholesome, disagreeable complaint fastened itself upon you and grew. Nature in trying to prevent more serious consequences due to the congestion in your body, finds an outlet for the accumulated waste, by way of catarrh. You cannot get rid of it the way you are going—sprays, lotions, snuffing powders, drugs and medicines won't stop it. You know catarrh leads to other troubles—serious ones—throat, lungs, stomach, intestines—all become affected. You can never enjoy good health if you have catarrh; you won't be efficient in anything as long as you have catarrh, and it detracts from your personality to be hawking and snuffing around others.

The Perfect Mannerfort Strongfort

Build Yourself Up

Be Clean—Wholesome—Healthy—Virile. Go at it the right way. Nature's way; no drugs, no medicines, and you banish catarrh from your system. Let me show you how, by my method of health building, body developing, called

STRONGFORTISM

Its practice never fails—it builds new tissue, gives brawn and muscle, it invigorates heart action, strengthens kidneys, and makes the bowels move by their own natural strength. It makes every organ in your body pulsate to health. Under this kind of influence, catarrh quits for good, so will constipation, indigestion, nervousness, palpitation, rupture, rheumatism, weak heart, poor memory, physical weakness, vital losses, short wind, and all sorts and kinds of ailments and disorders.

If you are too stout or too thin, flat chested, or round shouldered—Strongfortism will alter it. It will make you grow in vigor and virility—and nervous energy—it will restore your vitality and keep your forces vital. No matter what your condition is now, or what habits you contracted or indulged in—I will show you that you renew yourself. You want to be strong, healthy—a virile man—you want to be all that a man ought to be and I can and will show you how to make yourself the man that is desirable from every standpoint.

Tell me your ailment and send three 2-cent stamps to cover mailing expenses, and I will send you my book, "PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY," written for your interest and welfare.

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist
1162 Strongfort Institute, Newark, N. J.

Fashion Ignores the Fat Woman

Season after season the master fashion creators labor in woman's behalf—except for the overstout woman. Is true fashion denied corpulent women? It seems to be. Yet there is a way out. You who are obese can soon wear the slender, shapely garments of approved style.

The Korein system, of which Oil of Korein is a factor (and all that you need to buy), will take off your surplus weight—mold your figure to the graceful, flowing lines demanded by fashion—do it quickly—without strenuous exercise or the usual dieting. It will bring down your weight and keep it down—make you healthier, younger in appearance, vivacious, happy!

Oil of Korein
The Gentle Way To Reduce

Best Obesity Treatment

REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT steadily and comfortably without tedious exercising, self-starving, weakening sweats, powerful purgatives, salts, thyroids or other drastic means.

USE OIL OF KOREIN: follow the directions of the Korein system. Enjoy the pleasure that will be given you by scales and tape measure from week to week.

For Men and Women

$100.00 GUARANTEE that you will reduce 10 to 60 or more pounds; or no cost to you! An absolutely genuine assurance. Study the two shadow pictures here showing *before* and *after* reducing.

REGAIN SYMMETRY and youthful appearance, with buoyancy of step, agility and attractive personality. Let your eyes sparkle with renewed vigor while your improved mental efficiency becomes evident to all.

Prolong Your Life!

HOLD NORMAL WEIGHT. Keep your regained slenderness, vivaciousness and beauty easily without fear of adding fat again. With the burden of unhealthy fat eliminated, let your life become happier and longer.

YOUR WAISTLINE, hips, bust, neck, chin, limbs. Too large through excess fat? Reduce symmetrically where the reduction is needed.

At Druggists' or by Mail

ALL BUSY DRUG STORES, also department stores that have a drug department, sell Oil of Korein at before-the-war price. Remember, you buy under $100 GUARANTEE.

BY MAIL. If you prefer, order Oil of Korein with Korein system directions by mail. We will send parcel post, in plain wrapper; you pay when the package comes. Our new booklet, "Reduce Weight Happily," sent free on request. Address as below:

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WAR HEROES PICTURES FREE

Handsome Colored Pictures of Pershing, Wilson, Foch. Fine for your home. 10x8½ inches. To get all three pictures absolutely free, send this ad and the names and correct addresses of the parents in your locality, or elsewhere, who have children with Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis or Spinal Curvature. State age and character of trouble. Write names, street addresses or rural routes very plainly.

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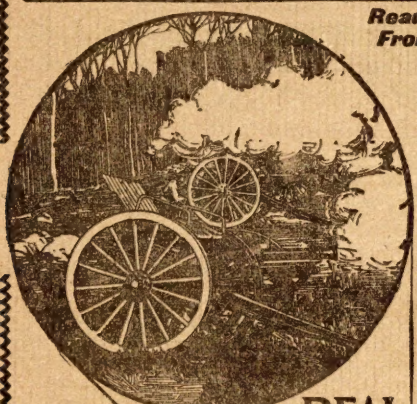
At My House—To-night

50,000 Boys Made Happy



REAL MOVING PICTURES

A Real Moving Picture Show In Your Own Home

Remember, this is a Genuine Moving Picture Machine and the motion pictures are clear, sharp and distinct.

The Moving Picture Machine is finely constructed, and carefully put together by skilled workmen. It is made of Russian Metal, has a beautiful finish, and is operated by a finely constructed mechanism, consisting of an eight wheel movement, etc. The projecting lenses are carefully ground and adjusted, triple polished, standard double extra reflector, throwing a ray of light many feet, and enlarging the picture on the screen up to three or four feet in area. The light is produced by a safety carbide generator, such as is used on the largest automobiles. This throws a dazzling white light of 500 candle-power on the screen.

It is not a toy; it is a solidly constructed and durable Moving Picture Machine. The mechanism is exceedingly simple and is readily operated by the most inexperienced. The pictures shown by this marvelous Moving Picture Machine are not the common, crude and lifeless Magic Lantern variety, but are life-like photographic reproductions of actual scenes, places and people, which never tire its audiences. This Moving Picture Machine has caused a rousing enthusiasm wherever it is used.

This Moving Picture Machine which I want to send you FREE, gives clear and life-like Moving Pictures as are shown at any regular Moving Picture show. It flashes moving pictures on the sheet before you. This Machine and Box of Film are FREE—absolutely free to every boy in this land who wants to write for an Outfit, free to girls and free to older people. Read MY OFFER below, which shows you how to get this Marvelous Machine.

Read These Letters From Happy Boys:

Shows Clear Pictures

I have been very slow in sending you an answer. I received my Moving Picture Machine a few weeks ago and I think it is a dandy, and it shows the pictures clear just as you said it would. I am very proud of it. I thank you very much for it and I am glad to have it. I gave an entertainment two days after I got it. Leopold Lamontagne, 64 Summer Ave., Central Falls, R. I.

Sold His for $10.00 and Ordered Another

Some time ago I got one of your Machines and I am very much pleased with it. After working it for about a month I sold it for $10.00 to a friend of mine. He has it and entertains his family nightly. I have now decided to get another one of your machines. Michael Eberth, Mandan, N. Dak.

Would Not Give Away for $25.00

My Moving Picture Machine is a good one and I would not give it away for $25.00. It's the best machine I ever had and I wish everybody could have one. Addie Breaky, Jeansville, Pa. Box 34.

Better Than a $12.00 Machine

I am slow about turning in my thanks to you, but my Moving Picture Machine is all right. I have had it a long time and it has not been broken yet. I have seen a $12.00 Machine but would not swap mine for it. Robert Lineberry, care of Revolution Store, Greensboro, N. C.

How You Can Get This Great Moving Picture Machine—Read My Wonderful Offer to You

HERE IS what you are to do in order to get this amazing Moving Picture Machine and the real Moving Pictures: Send your name and address—that is all. **Write name** and address very plainly. Mail to-day. As soon as I receive it I will mail you 20 of the most beautiful premium pictures you ever saw—all brilliant and shimmering colors. These pictures are printed in many colors and among the titles are such subjects as *"Betsy Ross Making the First American Flag"—"Washington at Home,"—"Battle of Lake Erie," etc.* I want you to distribute these premium pictures on a special 30-cent offer among the people you know. When you have distributed the 20 premium pictures on my liberal offer you will have collected $6.00. Send the $6.00 to me and I will immediately send you FREE, the Moving Picture Machine with complete Outfit and the Box of Film.

50,000 of these machines have made 50,000 boys happy. Answer at once. Be the first in your town to get one.

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Good for Moving Picture Offer

Simply cut out this Free Coupon, pin it to a sheet of paper, mail to me with your name and address written plainly, and I will send you the 20 Pictures at once. Address

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Test this Course at our expense. Take ten full examinations, then if you don't feel satisfied you are not out one cent. Training alone will make you master of your work, able to think and act for yourself, and competent enough to secure and hold the position you want. Whether you lack High School training or specialized instruction NOW is the time to get it.

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